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The Week-end Review

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THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

WHETHER or not the new Japanese drive in Tientsin and the Treaty Ports was begun in consultation with Germany, there is no doubt that it is grist to Hitler's mill and is being used in some quarters as an argument against the Russian Alliance. Actually, as most of the British press has seen, it is an additional argument for concluding the alliance immediately. The latest Japanese offensive is at Swatow, a treaty port, which is one of the few important sea entries still remaining for the Chinese. The Japanese have warned all foreign vessels out of the harbour, but the British and American destroyers are remaining to look after the safety of their nationals. Meanwhile, at Singapore, the British and French naval authorities are considering the problem of defence in consultation with the Americans and Dutch. They have not the power to maintain their old imperialist position, but the best safeguard against war in the Far East, as in Europe, is a concerted decision. The Japanese plan is that Britain should cease to give even the exiguous help she has given to China; in return they might make us and the Americans a promise of better treatment on the Yangtse. In fact Japan does not intend any other Power to share in the spoils of China any more than she meant to offer an "open door" in Manchuria. Simultaneously efforts are being made behind the scenes to strike some sort of bargain in Europe. But another Munich, which would mean the destruction of Poland, is very difficult to achieve. The Poles are in a fighting mood and not at all prepared to make those first concessions which lead to ultimate surrender. Nor are the French or the British public willing to repeat the experience of last September.

The Moscow Conversations

A Russian Alliance with staff conversations at the time immediately after the occupation of Prague when Russia suggested a conference at Bucharest would have given us some months to build a peace alliance and would have been an almost certain deterrent to Hitler. Even now, it might work if an alliance were reached immediately. But Mr. Chamberlain still talks of obstacles and Russia declares that recent British proposals show no advance. We believe that further proposals have been made by Britain; they perhaps account for the continued "optimism" of Lord Halifax. Without it we all stand in an ambiguous and perilous position. The Germans are repeating last year's tactics. At first the speeches of Dr. Goebbels are comparatively mild and couched in the form of reassurances to the down-trodden Germans in Danzig that their release is at hand. At appropriate moments we get a spate of atrocity inventions followed by greater concentration of troops—Germany has already 1¾ million men under arms—round the Polish or any other frontier that Hitler wishes to menace. It is doubtful whether Germany will ever believe in Britain's intentions as long as Mr. Chamberlain is in office in Britain, and it is certain that he will discount them as mere talk unless there is a Russian Alliance. Probably only the clearest possible statement of Britain's intentions by some other leader than Mr. Chamberlain could now persuade Hitler to modify his plans this summer.

Spain for the Spaniards ?

Newspaper correspondents from one European capital or another continue to drop encouraging hints about the policy of the new Spanish regime. General Franco, we are assured, is as determined as ever to maintain Spain for the Spaniards, to keep clear of commitments to the Axis, to rebuild his country in his own way. But reports from inside hardly bear out these optimistic views. Franco himself is not cast in a heroic mould. His military reputation was never of a high order, and there is no sign that he has any capacity for reconstructing the social and economic life of the country that he and his allies have shattered. At present, on the material side, the chaos in Spain appears to be growing worse. Lack of capital has caused the closing down of a lot of plant, and though this might be attributable to some extent to the deflation of a war-time economy, it seems to be going further and having a snowball effect. The administrative machine, largely staffed with inexperienced personnel, and with much of its time taken up in demonstrations and repression, cannot cope with the widespread dislocation and the breakdown of the distributive organisation. The Germans and Italians are thus encouraged to tighten their hold, and what industry is running is largely in their control. If industrial Catalonia is reconstructed, it will be as an Axis colony.

Franco's Vengeance

Politically and psychologically, we are told by credible witnesses, the state of Spain to-day is no less deplorable. With not one, but three—German, Italian and Spanish—organs of repression at work, there is something like a Terror afoot. Official executions and concentration camps are not the whole story; there appears to be an orgy of private vengeance and banditry going on. In this inferno the Falangist uniform and the red Requete beret (though this appears to be on the wane) confer complete immunity against any act of violence to their wearers. The German agents generally show more discipline in their activities; the Italians have acquired something like a monopoly in the grant of the permit to move, which is of so much importance in present day Spain. Across the Pyrenees the refugee camps (in which one is glad to know material conditions have greatly improved) are packed with 300,000 or more destitute people—and they are taking in new arrivals day by day. The French authorities estimate that sixty per cent. of this unhappy host would return to their country if they could get that reasonable political amnesty which Franco refuses to declare.

Arabs and Fascists

Mr. Malcolm MacDonald has been examined at great length by the Permanent Mandates Commission on Palestine. We shall have to wait for the views of the Commission; but it is not likely that they will be so condemnatory of the Government's new policy as some of the Zionists have predicted. Meanwhile, the disturbances in Palestine continue. A serious bomb outrage occurred in Haifa a few days ago in which a large number of Arabs were killed and wounded, and which is supposed to have been the work of Jewish "extremists." This is a lamentable development; throughout the reign of terrorism the Jews have shown a great restraint, and all their responsible leaders have set, and still do set, their face against violent reprisals. Nor have the activities of foreign Fascist agents ceased in Palestine and in the Arab countries beyond. Herr Hitler has recently been making special efforts to ingratiate himself and his regime with Saudi Arabia, and pointing out the mutual advantages of closer economic and political relations. King Ibn Saud is a shrewd man, who is doubtless keeping a careful watch on affairs in Europe, but he is not likely at this stage to rush into the Nazis' arms. And it would surely be a gross error to base British policy in Palestine and the near East generally on the assumption that the Arab peoples are in effect a part of the Fascist bloc.

A.P.D.

The new Arms Profits Tax, if it goes through in its present form, will not let the big armament contractors off scot free. But it will let them off a great deal; for they are to be allowed to calculate their "standard profits," which escape the tax, on a basis which includes the years 1936 and 1937. During these years rearmament had already gone a good way, and in 1937 it coincided with a considerable industrial boom. Thus, by taking the average of 1936 and 1937 as the standard, firms will be able to retain a very high level of profit before becoming liable to the tax. Nor is it clear from the published outline how far the tax will apply to producers of raw materials and other supplies who are not either direct contractors or sub-contractors for armament orders. For example, does it cover collieries or raw steel suppliers who are not working under direct arms contracts? Yet again, the limitation of the tax to firms where orders exceed £200,000 in the accounting year opens wide loopholes. For this purpose, what is a firm? If several

nominally separate firms are under one financial control, or largely so, do they count as one or more than one? If a firm receives contracts worth £300,000, and sub-contracts £101,000 (perhaps partly to its allies or subsidiaries) is it taxable or not? If not, there is likely to be a great deal of sub-contracting and a very small yield for the Exchequer.

The Supply Bill Through Committee

The Government's answer to critics of the Ministry of Supply Bill is that all the requisite powers are included in it, even if they are not all to be used, at any rate for the present. But it appears that, in effect, the Admiralty and the Air Ministry have almost completely won their battle for exclusion from the new scheme. Supplies required in identical form by the three Service Ministries may indeed be purchased in whole or in part through the new department; but not only ships and aircraft, but also the bulk of other requirements of the Admiralty and the Air Ministry are, it seems, still to be bought independently of the Ministry of Supply. Nor did the Government receive with favour a Labour amendment, moved by Mr. Stokes, providing for a detailed audit of firms' accounts in order to secure publicity for the profits made on arms orders. Mr. W. S. Morrison replied to this proposal that the Government had already all the power it required. The Bill is now through the committee stage substantially unamended; and we are still a long way off a Ministry of Supply able either effectively to limit arms profits and secure proper co-ordination or to ensure complete priority for public orders over private contracts.

The Government and the Building Societies

The Standing Committee which is considering the Building Societies Bill carried on Tuesday an important amendment in opposition to the Government. After defeating, by 20 votes to 13, a Labour amendment which provided that intending purchasers should be supplied by the Building Societies with a copy of the report made for the Society on the value of the house and security offered, the Committee passed, by 19 to 14, a similar amendment moved by a Tory back-bencher. This lays down that the Building Society must supply the borrower with a report stating whether the house is in good and tenantable repair and of good quality materials and workmanship. As the prospective buyer has to pay the cost of the survey made for the Building Society, there appears to be every reason for letting him see the report. But the Government would have none of this; and Sir Terence O'Connor also opposed the milder amendment which was subsequently carried, even though this appears to exclude the need to inform the prospective purchaser of any collateral security taken by the Building Society from the builder. Surely the borrower has every right to full information concerning the condition of the property. It is nonsense to urge, as Sir Terence did, that there is nothing to prevent him from having an independent survey made at his own further expense. Why should he have to pay for two surveys, when one honest survey should fully meet the need?

Militia Problems

The newspapers have been full of congratulatory articles on the high standard of physical fitness shown by the results of the medical examinations for the new militia. It does indeed seem too good to be true that out of the batches of young men so far examined only 2.3 per cent. should have been rejected as unfit, and 84.5 per cent. classed in Grade I, with a further 9 per cent. passed as fit for training and as suffering only from minor disabilities which will not impede their service. The remaining 4 per cent. were also regarded as suitable, despite graver defects, for some form of service. The question that immediately suggests itself is whether these judgments, which contrast violently with previous records, were made on a basis of fitness for active service, or merely fitness to undergo six months' training, which is a very different thing. It has already come to be known that one-eyed men are among those passed. We should like to know what were the instructions on which the examiners worked before we assure ourselves that Britain has turned miraculously into an A1 nation. As for the controversy that has arisen over the period at which university students are to take their training, surely the right thing is to provide it for them either before or after the university course, but by no means in the middle of it. It is nonsense to suggest that this is favouritism for the rich. University students in these days are largely scholarship boys who are by no means rich; and the worst sufferers from an interruption in the middle of the course would be the poor students who have most difficulty in seeing themselves through it at present.

Ramblers and Trespass

While withdrawing none of the objections which they have consistently brought against the Access to Mountains Bill, the Ramblers' organisations have, in view of the amendment of the Trespass Clause recently passed in the Lords, decided to see how far it is workable. One of the difficulties of the situation is the extreme complexity of the position arising from the latest trespass amendment. Broadly speaking, there are now four kinds of land:— (1) Land to which the Act does not apply, upon which trespass without damage is not a finable offence; (2) Land to which access has been granted by an Order made under the Act; (3) Special areas in (2) excluded from access by Order; or, alternatively, the whole of the land falling in category (2) made during particular seasons. On such land trespass without damage is a non-finable offence as in (1), unless (4) a further Order has been made making it an offence punishable by fine to trespass on land from access to which the public has been excluded for special periods, as in (3). A further amendment ensures that the Minister will consider the extent to which access has been allowed in the past before making an Order; this is on the whole favourable to the ramblers, and is designed to prevent landowners seeking to restrict access in areas where trespass has hitherto been permitted without interference. The Act is a patchwork of compromises, but ramblers will be advised to give it a trial and apply wholesale for Orders giving access, especially in the disputed areas to which access has been claimed in the past.

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A PROPAGANDA DEPARTMENT

IN Italy and Germany alone to-day live 135,000,000 people with no legal access to any information about public affairs, foreign or domestic, except that purveyed by their own Governments. It is now no secret that at Berchtesgaden, Godesberg and Munich, and again at Rome last January, the British Prime Minister felt that he had succeeded in " getting through " to some of these 135,000,000. Nor is it a secret that President Roosevelt's recent dramatic messages to Hitler and Mussolini were so couched and delivered as to pierce the totalitarian smoke-screens and carry some information to the German and Italian peoples.

The British Government has now decided to try another method. The Department of Information is to be under the direction of Lord Perth. Under his central control there are to be departments to deal with the B.B.C., the press and the films. In wartime, it would emerge overnight as a full-fledged Ministry of Propaganda. Let us consider what it may do now—for peace.

There are fundamental differences between German and British propaganda. The manufacture and dissemination of " information " and comment from Germany and Italy are deliberately directed by the Government; the propaganda is designed to achieve a definite purpose among a particular audience—the German and Italian populations, the democracies, the Arabs, Latin-Americans, Negroes, or Scandinavians and other " neutral " peoples. As the end approaches or recedes or is altered, so does the news vary. At Munich the Czechs are sub-human Slavs and are not wanted in the Reich. Only the Sudetens are wanted there. Within six months the Czechs are needed in the Reich for strategic reasons, strategy having been altered by the incorporation of the Sudetens, and so the propaganda alters. Moreover, in Fascist countries, news and its interpretation are a monopoly, while in Britain, even during the last war, minority opinions were expressed and non-official sources of information were permitted. There is a world of difference between official influence, and military censorship and the complete monopoly of Dr. Goebbels. While the British press remains even partially free it checks the possible excesses of propaganda, and the fact that people have alternative sources of information both makes for truth and increases the public inclination to believe it. Again, the British propaganda department is being set up in a defensive mood; one of its main objects presumably is to counteract the perversions of fact put out every day from Rome and Berlin. We are, as it happens, in the fortunate position of being able to reply to lies not with lies, but with the truth, and of knowing that the Americans, the Dutch, the Swedes and the rest are able to judge between our pleas. Where there is competition, it pays to advertise—but only if your wares fulfil the expectations aroused by the advertisements. Much German and Italian propaganda is already discounted as nonsense everywhere but in Germany and Italy.

Are we making the old idealist claim that " the truth will always win "? By no means. It will not win unless it reaches its mark. It has no magical capacity to win victories without fighting for them. It stands no chance against those artists of propaganda, Hitler and Goebbels, unless it is stated with a skill and determination comparable with theirs. If we convince the German and Italian people that aggression certainly means war as terrible for them as for us and if, as Mr. Harold Nicolson put it in a useful letter to the *Times*, there is also a " convincing alternative " put before them, not in vague generalities, but in terms as " authoritative, detailed and precise " as, say, the promise of Goebbels to get Danzig and the Corridor—then there is a chance of defeating his encirclement propaganda. Mr. Nicolson urges, as we have done repeatedly, the official publication of a deliberate plan of general settlement which the ordinary German citizen would recognise as fair and as the alternative to the encirclement he fears. But that will only work if the Germans know that the alternative really is " encirclement."

To draft such a firm and definitive statement in language which Germans can understand, and to put it over continually by wireless and by every other means in our power, is the one hope we have of reaching the minds of German people in time to prevent a war. Surely that is clear. Mr. Chamberlain cannot fly to Munich again. And hitherto all our tussles with the German and Italian propaganda machines have failed for the reason that Government spokesmen and the B.B.C. have been afraid to tell the truth—even as they see it. They have refrained—partly because they were too " refained." They, at least, were gentlemen. Britain would not descend to plain, undiplomatic language. Truth, they remarked, would conquer—which, by the way, was also the motto of the Czechs. Reliance on abstract truth, without a struggle on its behalf, may yet land us where the Czechs are now. The Government have no courage of their convictions; that, we believe, is because they have no convictions. They cannot tell the truth bravely because they are half on the side of the liars, with the result that when they do tell it, it convinces no one. Ask Conservative voters, clerks or tram-conductors, militiamen who have not yet got a vote, or M.P.s. Mr. Chamberlain, Lord Halifax, Sir John Simon, Sir Samuel Hoare and the rest, always seem to be speaking to woolly, padded briefs. When Lord Halifax has spoken he has to speak again to explain what he meant the first time. In the new game of politics such men are gentlemanly amateurs up against professionals.

The new Department can only help if it has the right powers, the right personnel and the right propaganda. From what one can see so far, it has none of them. We need a propaganda Ministry under an imaginative and experienced man with the " drive " of a Lloyd George or a Churchill. We should not be afraid of the word " propaganda." For our purpose, it would have to function in two ways—to improve existing means of information from Britain, and to devise new means.

Existing media are of three kinds—the press, the radio, and cultural (lectures, students' scholarships, art, theatre exchanges, and all the other means by which the things that are good in our democratic heritage may have their place in the world). For the press, the Department should at once extend and improve its contacts with British and all foreign correspondents and should use the *démenti* about foreign lies much more than it has done, and in categorical language. Only the radio can effectively reach the German and Italian people, and its use has already had an effect on Hitler and Mussolini. But our broadcasting in foreign languages is still quite inadequate

and it is strangely confined to a short period on the "Regional." The explanation given is that the authorities here dare not interfere with the entertainment offered to British listeners. It is added, *sotto voce*, that "we do not want a radio war with Germany or Italy."

What is one to make of such arguments? We can appeal to young men to give their lives, but cannot appeal to listeners to sacrifice a few hours of jazz? The second argument is more significant. Yet the American N.B.C. have been broadcasting short-wave to Germany and have not yet run into a radio war, though they are more outspoken than the B.B.C. and though they calculate that they reach an audience of 5,000,000 in Germany. Why cannot we have two radio campaigns, a short-run and a long-run? On the first, we could give more time on existing British stations. On the second, we could build up a radio front with France, Poland and the rest of our new allies, whereby, if Germany and Italy started a radio war by jamming, we could unitedly drown out even the domestic German stations. From the point of view of military strategy Germany is strongly placed; for a radio war her geographical situation is unfavourable. Perhaps that is why, as yet, she has threatened but never begun a radio war. In our extended radio service, which should be on both short and long wave, we should be able to use (anonymously) outstanding German refugee voices; we should describe the mood and temper of peoples outside Germany, their social life and amenities, the progress of voluntary and defensive rearmament, the policies of the Governments in the Non-aggression Front, and so on. In the cultural division, we could do far more than we now do; but it is a longer-run factor.

As to new media, we should begin at once to build powerful new radio stations, but according to an international programme with our own allies, in France, Poland, Rumania, Greece, Turkey, and in the U.S.S.R.—when the promised alliance is a reality. We might set up an Inter-allied Radio Board, like the Shipping Board in the last war. We shall have to do it if war comes. Why not now? It could not—indeed, none of the things we have discussed here could—bring real warfare nearer than it will come in any case. Secondly, we ought to set up a British Government News Service, comparable to the *Deutsche Dienst*, which serves freely and most effectively virtually every editor of every foreign newspaper—in particular those of Central and South America, the Balkans and Scandinavia. This British service should be a Press Service, not a newspaper for the public at all. It should contain fact, comment, and statistics. It should be absolutely free to all foreign papers as well as to British editors. Thirdly, we ought not to shy at buying space in foreign papers, where we want the truth as we see it to appear. If the British Government did this, foreign Governments, now terrified of enraging the Nazis, might dare to refuse to do propaganda for Germany which in their hearts they know to be as destructive to their own countries as it is to those for whom Hitler does not pretend friendship. In such a war of subsidies, we can outlast Germany. We can afford to have our case continuously and boldly stated. We have in this country a story to tell the world. For too long we have left all the best tunes for the devil. Why not pluck up courage and tell the world what we stand for while we can still be heard?

TIENTSIN

THE Prime Minister and Lord Halifax persist in saying that they "cannot but believe that the Japanese have no desire to widen the issue" at Tientsin beyond what the *Times* calls "its original dimensions as a police dispute," although the Japanese Government has already issued official statements demanding "a correction of the policy of the British authorities in China" as the price for lifting the blockade. The obstinacy with which Mr. Chamberlain, like the proverbial ostrich, hides his head and refuses to see or to hear what the Japanese are shouting from the housetops, is presumably due to an idea that if the real objective of the Tientsin blockade can be ignored, and the Japanese Government can be induced to join us in pretending that we are not giving way on a vital issue, we may surrender with slightly less loss of face in Asia. One cannot, however, avoid the suspicion that Chamberlain, Simon and Hoare, who have always been regarded by the Japanese as their best friends among English Conservatives, still cling to the illusion that the Japanese "moderates" are most anxious to curb the Army, that they do not want to push us out of China, and that if we are very forbearing the "moderates" will acquire the influence to moderate Japan's policy. Nor can one avoid an even stronger suspicion that, should our Government see any possibility of saving our investments and trade in Central and South China by a bargain with Japan recognising her conquest of the Northern provinces, it would accede to her demand for "co-operation" in establishing the "new order in East Asia." Happily for China the Japanese Army leaders are so arrogant, and so sure that they can bluff us out of China, that no such bargain is at present likely to meet with their approval.

The primary cause of the blockade of Tientsin is Japan's drive to obtain a stranglehold upon the trade of North China, and to bring to an end the currency war which has been waged for a year past between her and the foreign banks and traders. The issue is one involving our right, and the right of other foreigners, to trade freely in North China. A year ago Japan's puppet Government at Peiping established a Federal Reserve Bank, and decreed that henceforth its inconvertible and unbacked notes should be the legal tender for North China. This new dollar was given the fictitious value of 1*s.* 2*d.* whereas the Chinese dollar stood at 8d., and is freely convertible. The Chinese currency has been kept convertible partly through the financial backing of the British banks. The £5,000,000 British guarantee to the Chinese Stabilisation Fund last March was a measure designed primarily to assist British traders in China to hold their own against Japan. For so long as they can trade in a convertible currency in which the whole Chinese population has confidence, they can prevent Japan forcing her notes into circulation and acquiring a monopoly of trade. The Chinese dollar has, in fact, continued to be the medium of exchange all over North China in spite of Japan's forceful attempts to outlaw it. Not only do the Chinese guerrillas control far more of North China than the Japanese Army, but even within reach of Japanese bayonets the Chinese have preferred to take the risk of trading in the convertible Chinese dollar, rather than deal in the much overvalued F.R.B. notes which can only be exchanged for another kind of inconvertible paper, the Japanese yen. Hence the Japanese merchant, who alone was forced to use the 1*s.* 2*d.* dollar, found himself undercut by the foreigner who bought with a dollar obtained for 8*d.*, and, moreover, with a dollar which the Chinese producers wished to accept instead of with one which they considered valueless. Hence the foreign exchange so desperately needed by Japan has been flowing into the foreign banks instead of to Japan. The British banks in China have refused to do any business in the F.R.B. dollar, and so long as they have the Tientsin Concession in which to operate, Japan cannot force them to. So long also as the Tientsin Concessions remain outside her control Japan cannot get over the difficulty by the new regulations she made last

March prohibiting all exports not accompanied by a permit showing that the proceeds of the sale had been handed over in exchange for F.R.B. dollars. For the Customs are situated in the French Concession. In a word, Japan cannot get complete economic control of North China, and start to make a profit out of her conquests, unless we " co-operate " with her, or unless she can make us surrender our Concession at Tientsin.

The original *casus belli*, the demand by Japan that the British authorities at Tientsin should hand over to her four men who are accused of assassinating one of her puppet officials, in fact involves the whole question of our policy towards Japan's attempted conquest of China. Unless Japanese sovereignty in China is recognised Japan has no legal justification whatsoever for demanding the surrender to her of these four men, whether they are innocent or guilty of the offence with which she charges them. They are Chinese subjects, and Japan, waging war without declaration of war, has no more legal right to judge them than a pirate has a legal right to judge his captives. If we surrender these men we are giving *de facto* recognition to Japan's conquests. This is, of course, precisely what the Japanese Government, as well as the Japanese Army, is out for, and has clearly stated to be its aim. The last statement of the Japanese Government says : " What Japan wants is a correction of the policy of the British authorities in China as exemplified in the refusal to hand over the four culprits."

If Japan can bluff us into withdrawing our support from the Chinese currency and make us agree to help her force her paper into circulation in the North, she will be also in a stronger position to " mop up " the Chinese guerrillas. For the latter will be greatly weakened if they can no longer buy what they require with the Chinese dollar. It should also be noted that there are over 50,000,000 dollars in silver belonging to the Chinese Government in the foreign banks in Tientsin which Japan hopes to get hold of.

The British Government is accordingly now faced with an issue involving our whole position in the Far East. It cannot solve the problem by postponing it or refusing to see it. Japan has all along understood what we have refused to recognise, namely the fact that a conquest of China could never profit her unless foreign interests in China were eliminated. She now also knows that she can have no hope of defeating China unless even the meagre assistance China is receiving from the West is withdrawn. And Japan's own financial position is growing so desperate that she must at any risk try to make a profit out of the territory she has occupied. The fact that the first serious attack on foreign interests is made on us, and that anti-British agitation has been worked up to such a pitch in Japan, is due to Britain having by far the largest stake in China of all the Western Powers.

In an article in THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION in March, 1938, I gave some quotations from a discussion in Tokio amongst Army and Navy officers of high standing. One statement made then is worth recalling now :

> The purpose of our operations in China must be first to awaken China and then to sweep from China the influence of Britain. The aim of Sino-Japanese co-existence and co-prosperity can be achieved only if British influence is driven out of China. This is a very opportune moment for eliminating British influence from China, and there is every necessity for it.

Surrender to Japan at Tientsin will destroy British prestige all over Asia, and this consideration must be exercising the mind of the Foreign Office far more than the loss of our trade and investments in China. As German commentators are remarking with some truth, Great Britain has defended her overseas interests " with a handful of troops and a sackful of bluff." Even if the blockade of Tientsin is lifted the Japanese will have the satisfaction of knowing that they have done something there to weaken our prestige.

If we intend now to make a stand the only possibility of effective action (short of the naval action which the European situation renders out of the question, and which in any case would not be to the ultimate advantage of China), is co-operation with the United States in economic pressure on Japan. Britain and the United States acting in concert are in a position to starve Japan's military machine and render her powerless to continue her war on the Chinese people and on our trade. The British Empire and the United States combined account for about 70 per cent. of Japan's total trade ; and it is the U.S.A. and Canada, and to a lesser extent other parts of the British Empire, which are supplying Japan with all her metals and most of her other war materials. Germany and Italy can neither buy her silk and textiles nor give her credit, so that if we no longer trade with her she will not be able to buy iron, steel, non-ferrous metals, machinery and other supplies elsewhere.

Clearly everything hinges on the question whether or not the United States is prepared to stand in with us, and sever trade relations with Japan if we do the same. Clearly also American co-operation cannot be secured on an issue involving a purely British interest, but might be secured if the issue were one involving Japan's violation of the Nine Power Treaty and the whole question of her aggression in China.

If instead of striving desperately, as our Government is doing, to narrow the issue down to the dimensions of a local dispute, we should boldly accept the Japanese Army Commander's unequivocal statement that " the dispute is not a local one, but one which can only be settled by a complete change of British policy in China," i.e., recognition of Japan's conquests, we should have a far better chance of securing American co-operation. Actually many American traders do stand to lose equally with us by our loss of the Tientsin Concession, for they also will be unable to trade with the Chinese in the North if the Japanese get control. But it is one thing to ask for the co-operation of the United States on an issue which looks to the American public like " pulling British chestnuts out of the fire," and quite another to ask the United States to help us stop Japan's war on China and her violation of the Nine Power Treaty.

The American people are not only overwhelmingly sympathetic to China, but also prepared to take action to help her. A survey just completed by the American Institute of Public Opinion shows that 72 per cent. of those questioned thought that the United States should forbid shipments of arms and ammunition to Japan, and 66 per cent. favoured a boycott of Japanese goods. The New York press is advocating diplomatic and economic action against Japan. The *Herald Tribune* is recommending that the United States shall break off diplomatic and commercial relations with Japan, and the *New York Times* has declared that the United States has a " direct and substantial " interest in the Tientsin controversy. Various Senators, Congressmen and others are demanding co-ordinated action against Japan by the Western Powers. One of the reasons that amendments to the Neutrality Act have been held up so long is that measures such as the Pittman Act would aid Japan now, as well as Britain and France in the future.

The Japanese Government, by its hurried denial that the interests of all the Powers with interests in China are involved in the present issue, has shown its awareness of the danger. It should be our policy to insist on posing the whole question of Japanese aggression and the attitude towards it of all the Powers who signed the Nine Power Treaty, and this the actions and statements of the Japanese Army are making it easy for us to do. This is the only alternative to complete withdrawal from China, with all the consequences that would entail not only in our colonial Empire, but also in Europe.

FREDA UTLEY

WANTED—A NATIONAL INVESTMENT BOARD

TIME for the political scientist (and other more emotional people) moves infernally slowly in Great Britain. But allowing for the fact that we no longer enjoy representative Government and that the tempo of all financial change is slowed down by the patriarchal system of administration in the City, it is yet extraordinary that we have heard nothing, either in the House

of Commons or outside, of the emergency case for a National Investment Board. The virtue of a national control of investment in any well-ordered economic system may or may not be accepted in the City, but the immediate setting up of a National Investment Board has been made an urgent necessity by the extraordinary armament race to which we are now committed. Government loan expenditures amounting to about £400 millions a year are now approximately equal to the entire *net* savings of the country in normal times. Making due allowance for all the favourable items—that the gross savings of the country are usually more than double the net savings, that maintenance and depreciation of existing plant and buildings can be curtailed to some extent in an emergency and that the national savings automatically increase with the expansion in national income—it is nevertheless very doubtful whether the Government will be able to raise the loans it requires without dislocating the financial and economic system.

Even Mr. Keynes, who is generally an optimist in matters of Government finance, seemed doubtful in his recent articles on Crisis Finance (*The Times*, April 17th and 18th) whether the present Government programme could be carried through without taking special measures to curtail other forms of current investment. If there were occasion for a more restrictive policy, he pleaded, it would become physically apparent. In other words, if the physical capacity of the country were insufficient to provide both for the Government programme and for the normal expenditures of private individuals at the current level of prices, the signs following would be an acute labour shortage, a worsening of the balance of trade, a fall in the exchange and a rise in internal prices. But this would be the inflation which we all want to avoid. The Government apparently hopes to offset it by setting up a Ministry of Supply and by imposing a system of Government priorities in contract work, but it is very questionable whether this will be enough. In my opinion some control of private investment will also have to be applied. The appropriate machinery for this control is, of course, a National Investment Board, and if it were established immediately it would not only give the Government a better chance of carrying through its rearmament programme without the dangerous increase in private investment which usually characterises the last stages of an industrial boom, but it would also help to combat the appalling next slump which lies round the corner of the present prosperity.

Some account of the constitution of a National Investment Board may serve to convince public opinion of the necessity of its existence. The idea was first mooted in the Liberal Yellow Book of 1928, but it was confined to the investment of the capital funds accruing in the hands of the Government departments. In 1931 I wrote two articles for THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION on the national control of investment in which I advocated a Cabinet Committee of Economic Affairs and the creation of a Loan Council to control new issues and to direct the national savings into the most economic and desirable channels. This idea was developed by the Labour Party, and in July, 1934, the Labour Executive laid down the principles on which a National Investment Board would work under a Labour Government.

The functions of the Board in my conception would be twofold—planning and co-ordination on the one hand and mobilising, but not financing, on the other. The first is fairly obvious. It would be the duty of the Board to prepare estimates each year of the national income showing the amount of savings likely to accrue for investment. This is, of course, a very difficult task, involving the preparation of a national income and capital account. On the income side the Board would have to prepare estimates of business losses and of adverse balances in our international account which have to be deducted from the gross national savings. On the capital side the Board would have to collate the schemes of capital expenditure planned or under consideration by the Government departments, local authorities, public boards and utility companies and would also have to call for information from private enterprise as to the probable capital requirements of each industry and trade. It would then be in the position to advise the Cabinet on the probable amount of national investment required and the probable amount of national savings available. On receipt of instructions from the Cabinet as to the Government loans planned for the year the Board would then be able to proceed with its secondary, but equally important, function of mobilising the capital market.

As mobiliser of the national savings the National Investment Board would be empowered to give or withhold permission to borrowers to use the machinery of the capital market. I suggest that no public issues or private placings in the City or outside should be undertaken without the licence of the Board if they are for an amount in excess of £50,000. While the Board should not express any opinion on the merits of the new issues or placings it has licensed, the securing of a licence should make it easier for a sound borrower to obtain the support of a reputable finance house. No doubt the officials of the Board would be able to give sound advice to intending borrowers as to the style of issue and the type of finance house most suitable for the occasion, but if there should be any difficulty in finding finance for schemes of capital expenditure which were considered desirable from a social or national point of view, I suggest that the Board should have powers to act as a financial agent and to call for tenders from the insurance companies and other savings institutions, thus putting worthy borrowers in touch with intelligent disposers of the national savings. This might become a very important part of the Board's activities.

So effective would be the mobilising functions of the Board in the organisation of national investment that I do not consider it necessary for the Board to have direct financing powers itself. It would indeed be highly undesirable for the Board to pledge the Government credit or to issue bonds itself and weaken the market in Government stocks. Only where the Government commands or controls should the Government guarantee. Capital issues of public boards or local authorities should always stand on their merits, that is, on the security of the revenues they command, although I hope that a National Investment Board would refuse to license such hybrid issues as London Transport 5½ per cent. "C" Stock, the bastard product of the unholy union of private enterprise and public authority, which is neither guaranteed nor contingent equity. There is no doubt in my mind that an efficient National Investment Board would not only prevent undesirable investment: it would facilitate desirable investment. By co-ordinating capital issues it would compel borrowers to make an orderly entry upon the capital market—in the order of priority dictated by the national interest.

Surely a public board for investment constituted on these lines, and composed of experts and not politicians, would become a powerful instrument for economic good. In periods of slump it would exercise its positive functions to the full by mobilising schemes of desirable capital expenditures calculated to increase employment. Capital schemes to be executed by local authorities, harbour and river boards, railway companies, water, gas and electricity undertakings, require careful preparation, and the National Investment Board would examine in advance of a slump what projects could be considered practicable at what rates of interest, so that the schemes could be put forward as soon as the emergency arose. In periods of industrial boom, and especially such artificial booms as we are now experiencing, it would exercise its negative functions to the full and refuse to license luxury or unnecessary issues on the capital market which private enterprise usually tries to launch when prices and incomes are rising, especially if a quick financial profit can be snatched. Apart from its vitally important function of smoothing out the fluctuations in the trade cycle, an alert National Investment Board, in its planning and co-ordinating role, would become the first Economic General Staff ever available for a British Government. It is incredible that such an institution has never existed before in a highly organised industrial country. But time moves on—if infernally slowly.

NICHOLAS DAVENPORT

A LONDON DIARY

LORD PERTH'S appointment is significant. He is a canny Scottish gentleman, who was once, as Eric Drummond, in the Foreign Office and Lord Balfour's secretary. When the League was set up, there was a squabble between France and Britain about the appointment of its permanent head in Geneva. Clemenceau accepted Drummond as the sort of Englishman who would do no harm. Those who have worked with him tell me that he did a very able and tactful diplomatic job getting the nations together in the early days of the League, but that, when the test came over Manchuria and afterwards, his skill was mainly shown in drafting formulae to circumvent the implications of the Covenant. At Rome, he had the reputation of being very shy of Mussolini (which I can quite understand), and if the British Government was really deceived about Italian intentions in Spain, Lord Perth must share the responsibility. He is a Catholic and has been strongly pro-Franco. To a post needing the highest qualities of imagination and enterprise Mr. Chamberlain appoints an amiable and conventional civil servant. Lord Perth is not the sort of man to alarm our possible enemies, but, at a crisis like this, his appointment may well alarm us and our friends.

* * *

The official organ of the Sanitary Inspectors, discussing the desire of the Local Government Officers' Association "to attain a status similar to that of the medical and legal professions," recommends them to adopt the resolution which sanitary inspectors themselves have recently passed. It is sublimely simple and complete. According to this resolution, members ought not to "give evidence in opposition to other members." In plain terms, that means that if people are injured or die because of the inefficiency, laziness or corruption of a local government officer, sanitary inspector or doctor, it is to be considered a breach of professional etiquette for any of his colleagues, who are often the only people able to supply the evidence, to say anything to give him away. One has often met this kind of thing, but there is usually a decent reticence about it—reticence such as I met recently when a neighbour of mine, an agricultural labourer whose life could only be saved by an operation, was kept waiting for admission to the hospital until he was dying. Why had not the local G.P. insisted on his admission? I asked. If he had had money he would have been in hospital weeks before and operated on at the right time. True, I was told, but you cannot do anything about it, because one doctor won't "give evidence in opposition to other members." But that was not said publicly; apparently it needs the sanitary inspectors to state the principle naked and unashamed.

* * *

Sir Raymond Unwin and Mr. Osborn do not approve of flats like those praised by Dr. Harry Roberts in this journal a few weeks ago. They have a fine garden city idea in their minds, and say, quite truly, that there are too many people in London and that we ought to aim not at rehousing them in London, but at moving them out of it. But have they found out the views of the people who are rehoused in these flats? I gather that this surely rather necessary preliminary inquiry is being made by Mass Observation; Tom Harrisson tells me that they will soon be able to send a detailed report of the actual, not the theoretical, wishes of the people who are living in Kensal House and other similar buildings. Kensal House, of course, is only one instance of a great improvement since the days of tenements. One can now find good modern blocks of flats in many parts of London, some of them built by the L.C.C.; the Kensington Housing Trust has done some imaginative building and the best thing I have seen recently is the new block built by the St. Pancras House Improvement Society. Because the money is borrowed at a non-commercial rate the houses are astonishingly cheap. The tenants are rehoused on the same site; their bug-ridden cottages are gone and instead they live in a building in which every room is light and convenient, and every flat has a balcony, where they can and do grow flowers. If you want to know about the double hot-water system and the many labour-saving devices and all the rest of it, you had better ask my friend Mrs. West, who has one of these new flats and can talk of little else. The rent of a one-room flat that I'd be happy to live in varies from 4*s.* 6*d.* to 5*s.* 6*d.* according to income. You may get a two-roomed flat for 6*s.* 9*d.* to 9*s.* a week; if you want three rooms, you pay 9*s.* to 13*s.* 6*d.*, four rooms 12*s.* 6*d.* to 18*s.*, and five rooms 16*s.* 6*d.* to a guinea. The worst drawback to flat-building is that you can hear your neighbours' radios and Mr. Osborn will say that it is not as good for children as a house and garden. Of course it isn't. But can he or anyone else here and now provide a house and garden at a price that Mrs. West, who is a charwoman, can afford, and most important of all, can he solve the problem of housing people where they happen to earn their livelihood? Surely it is obvious that we need big blocks of modern flats with open spaces round them in our old towns. Garden cities and all the rest of it are wanted as an addition and not a substitute for rehousing in London.

* * *

As the press combines get larger, the number of papers fewer, and their circulations more astronomical, there is appearing, like wild flowers at the foot of a prison wall, a curious growth of private "news-letters" whose sole reason for existence must be discontent with the apparently overwhelmingly popular press. There are innumerable private news services about particular countries, and there is Commander King-Hall's news-letter, and Mr. Claud Cockburn's *The Week* and, among the new arrivals, a *Socialist Bulletin* sent out by Miss Mary Muir from Leeds. (Its third number, rather eccentrically, contains nothing but Chartist poems, mostly bad, though there is one, *The Jacobin's Prayer*, by Ebenezer Elliott, which deserves reprinting.) These sheets, especially Mr. Cockburn's, remind me of nothing so much as of what in my youth was called unfairly the French gutter press. I hasten to explain that I am intending a compliment to Mr. Cockburn; the French gutter press performed a very useful function and one which was not performed in London at all. It printed what was the common talk of well-informed circles. Half of it was true and profoundly important—it was the sort of information the Quai d'Orsay or the Prefecture did not want to get out, which the knowing knew, and which it was a genuine democratic service to pass on to the public. Half of it was deductions and surmise from similar sources which might be and often was more than half wrong. But its readers accepted the information with that implied caveat, and were not unduly enraged when they were misled. Sales of it and of these new news-letters are partly due to a simple desire to appear "in the know," but partly too to the fact that they fill a real need at a time when no intelligent person believes what he is officially told. And Mr. Cockburn is often right.

* * *

Here is Ebenezer Elliott's *The Jacobin's Prayer*:

Avenge the plundered poor, O Lord!
But not with fire, but not with sword;
Not as at Peterloo they died
Beneath the hoofs of coward pride.
Avenge our rags, our chains, our sighs,
The famine in our children's eyes!
But not with sword; no, not with fire
Chastise thou Britain's locustry!
Lord, let them feel thy heavier ire;
Whip them, O Lord, with poverty.
Then, cold in soul as coffined dust,
Their hearts as tearless, dead and dry,
Let them in outraged mercy trust
And find that mercy they deny.

* * *

Mr. Park's black spaniel recently had two fine puppies. One went away and died of distemper. The second stayed with Mr. Park and flourishes. "Oughtn't you to have him inoculated?" we asked. "There are better things

against distemper than any inoculation," said Mr. Park. "If you can train a puppy to take a teaspoonful of tea every day he won't ever get distemper. It's the tannic acid that does it. It's a bit of a job to get them to take tea, but once you've got them used to it, then you need not worry about distemper."

* * *

I told this story to one of the most eminent veterinary authorities in the country and was not surprised when he smiled and said there was nothing in it. Then I asked him about hysteria among dogs—that strange disease that was unknown until about fifteen years ago. It's a tormenting and mysterious business; I once had a dog that would be seized by fits suddenly in the house, in the road, on an open hillside, anywhere, without any external reason one could trace. He would run wild, recklessly and blindly, usually fetching a wide circle and barking with a high screaming note of terror: he would come to himself at last, take cover in a dark corner and after a lot of coaxing come out, shaking, weak and terrified, looking as if someone had just been trying to beat the life out of him. Vets talked about ears as the seat of the trouble: some, since the disease will spread through a whole kennel, said it was a nervous contagion, hysteria in the literal sense, others said it was digestive, recommended no meat, no biscuit and a diet of brown bread. Obviously none of them knew anything at all about it. A few weeks ago I got talking to a village publican who told me an interesting theory. He had known a German vet, he said, who had done a lot of work on animals in the East; he was a real scientist. This vet had carried out post-mortems on dogs with hysteria and found worms in the tissue of the heart. The hysteria fits would follow when the worms actually affected the animal's heart; spasms and terror would be natural enough. I inquired about this too, and learnt that nothing yet has been discovered about hysteria. Worms in the heart account for a kind of hysterical condition known in China, but these worms do not inhabit this country and the hysteria is not of the European kind. The mystery is unsolved. My own theory is that the dogs have caught hysteria from us humans.

* * *

I take the following paragraph from the official journal of the National Socialist Teachers Union, *Die Deutsche Volksschule* (Munich, January, 1939):

THE TEACHER AS MONEY COLLECTOR. The teacher has entered the class room. The German Salute is exchanged. The boys sit down, ready to learn, full of expectation. Suddenly the teacher would throw one word into the class—"Subscription for school materials." It is as if something breaks down in this moment. No more expectation and readiness for new learning. Money transactions are being done. The teacher is obliged to collect the following dues (the list may not be complete): "Subscription for school materials," "Gau Film Pence," "Youth Hostel Pence," "School Home Pence," "School Association Fee," "Subscription for Union German East," "Subscription for School Magazines," "Subscription for the Care of the War Graves," "Breakfast Pence," "Saving for School Saving Account," "Handicraft Money," "Entrance Fee for School Performances," "Fares for School Excursions," "Sale of Youth Hostel Calendar." It is indispensable that school collections by order be reduced to a minimum, and that ways be found to relieve the teacher of his office as money collector.

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of the column goes this week to G. S. Burton.

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

A Guide to the Beauty of Dartmoor and a work entitled *Locks, Bolts and Bars*, were part of a gift of books sent recently to Wormwood Scrubs prison library.—*Daily Herald.*

Under its very roof, in the present coffee-room, King Richard III signed the death warrant of the Duke of Buckingham; who could fail to enjoy an excellent lunch in such Royal surroundings?—Remarks on the Angel Hotel at Grantham in the L.N.E.R.'s booklet, *Railway and Road-Way Holidays* (*Lincolnshire and the Dukeries*).

In a reply to a question by Commander Marsden as to whether the Prime Minister would send a communication to the Italian Government expressing their appreciation of the manner in which the Italian Government are carrying out the spirit of the Anglo-Italian Treaty; Mr. Butler said: "My Noble Friend does not consider that my hon. and gallant Friend's suggestion is necessary as no doubt the Italian Government are quite aware of the feelings of H.M. Government in this matter."—*Hansard, June* 12.

Athlete requires £300 to attempt greatest athletic feat of all time, which will, it is hoped, greatly further the interests of peace in the world. Advert. in *Times*.

To-day's Question.—People in Henley have objected to a local curate training to be a ballet-dancer, with the object of dancing in the Henley "Ballet Circle." As a result he has resigned from the Circle. Do you see any objection to a curate acting in this way?—*Daily Mirror*.

Sir William Reid Dick, R.A., accompanied by Sir Edwin Lutyens, P.R.A., visited Coventry to-day and discussed details associated with the equestrian statue of Lady Godiva which Mr. W. H. Bassett-Green is presenting to Coventry. . . . Sir William Reid Dick said that in his view Lady Godiva, during her famous ride, must have been proud and dignified in her bearing and, realising the great purpose of her ordeal, was not ashamed nor shrinking. He hoped to produce a statue of a proud and noble lady on a proud and noble horse.—*Times*.

COMPANY

MR. J. B. PRIESTLEY gave a lively description of a modern "holiday camp" in the *News Chronicle* the other day—lively and yet a little alarming to those who see in mass production one of the present-day dangers to civilisation. Here is a small town of chalets, two or three miles outside Skegness, in which several thousands of people can be housed. "They are given four meals a day in enormous dining halls." Between meals they are entertained as lavishly as they are fed, and no one need spend an idle moment till bed-time. They can swim or skate or play bowls or box or sit in cocktail bars or obtain strength through joy in gymnasiums or perspire on tennis courts, all within sound of the polyphloisboisterous sea.

Programmes and time-tables are arranged for every day of the week. Mr. Priestley quotes the time-table for Sunday, once known as the Day of Rest. "8.30—Breakfast. 9.15—Coach leaves for Roman Catholic Service. 10.0—Keep-fit Class. 11.0—Divine Service. 12.0—Boxing Instruction and Kiddies' Play Class. 1.0—Lunch. 2.15—Community Singing; Day Pool. 2.30—Organ Recital, Empress Ballroom; also, at the same hour, Bathing Beauty Parade, Knobbly Knees Competition, Chariot Racing, Swimming and Diving and Figure Skating Exhibition. 4.0—Tea Dance. 5.15—Figure Skating Exhibition. 5.30—Organ Recital. 7.0—Dinner. 8.15—'Our Concert.' 9.15—Dancing in Prince's Ballroom. 11.30—Good-night Campers." The other days of the week are apparently still more strenuous. One cannot help thinking that if Hotspur were reborn into the world as a pleasure-lover, he would thoroughly enjoy a month at a holiday camp.

That I should not do so myself is no argument against holiday camps. As I grow older I become more allergic to crowd happiness—(I hope I am using the word "allergic" in its right sense, but it is still new to me)—and I would rather go away from a crowd than go towards one. But the majority of young people of the healthy-mind-in-a-healthy-body type probably differ from me in this matter. I understand their feelings, for I, too, would once have walked miles to see a crowd. It was always the most crowded streets that I sought on Saturday night—streets lined with twopenny shows—mermaids, X-ray visions of the human skeleton, glass-eaters, giants and dwarfs, and marionettes. Here for hours on end men and boys in caps and women and girls, many of them in shawls, promenaded, and, as one walked up

and down among them, one was as happy as if one were at the very heart of life. There is an infection of vitality in a crowd of promenaders. In youth, the sight of one's fellow-creatures in mass is a delight to the soul.

A crowded church, a crowded theatre, a crowded football-ground—how exciting they were, apart from the quality of the sermon, play or football, simply because they were crowded. If I went into the middle of the town on the day of the Relief of Mafeking, it was not to testify to my patriotic ardour, but to see mobs of my fellow-citizens in an extreme state of crowd exhilaration. Even at the seaside, one went wherever the crowd was—to listen to the nigger minstrels singing "Let Your Whiskers Grow" for the fourth time in a day, to hear the young university evangelists on the beach, to the railway station where everyone walked round and round and round again on wet evenings, to the pitch of the cheapjack who sold watches and patent medicines and most of the things that the heart of man at its most innocent could desire.

It is this passion for the crowd, I am sure, that takes most people to the Derby. Ninety-nine out of a hundred of those who are present are there, not to see great racing, but to see a great concourse of human beings. I am sure, too, that it is to a great extent the passion for the crowd that will always prevent wireless and television from keeping people away from the concert-hall, the theatre, the football field and the race-course. You and I may think that we can hear Schnabel perfectly on our wireless sets. But it is not enough to hear Schnabel perfectly; we must hear him in the perfect company of a crowd roused to a high pitch of infectious delight in a concert-hall. Our pleasure is intensified by being shared: on a great and crowded occasion, the pleasure of other people seems to enter into us and so to increase our own.

I see that the Stewards of the Sandown Park racecourse have just refused to allow the race for the Eclipse Stakes to be "televised." Evidently, they are afraid that, if races can be seen on a television set, many people will prefer watching them on a machine in their houses to going to race meetings. Their fears, I think, are groundless. After all, we can already follow the race for the Grand National much better by listening to the wireless than by sitting in the stands at Aintree; but even the finest broadcast is no substitute for, not only the race, but the crowd watching the race. We can also see much more of the race in the cinema than on the racecourse itself; but we miss the exaltation of being among those who see the actual horses and the jockeys' colours and, not least important, each other. We never feel of a man who has seen the Grand National in a cinema that he has been present on a historic occasion: we often feel this about a man who has seen the race at Aintree.

No doubt, the passion for the crowd is tempered in most of us with the passion for solitude. To escape from the crowd can be even a richer pleasure than to lose oneself in the crowd. At the same time, if a vote were taken as to whether happiness is likelier to be found in crowded places or in empty spaces, I fancy that crowded places would win by a large majority. The vote of seaside-goers for the crowded places would undoubtedly be overwhelming. Those who go down to the sea in trains, buses and motor cars do not, for the most part, go to lonely beaches. They go to Brighton, Margate, Southend, Clacton, Scarborough, Blackpool, Torquay, Newquay and all sorts of other large towns where the throng of tanned faces makes the seascape bearable. They want fun, and the sea by itself is not funny. I know a man of genius who can endure the sight of it for a month only if there is a cinema within walking distance.

Hence it seems to me that the modern holiday camp is merely a natural development of the idea of the late Victorian seaside resort such as Blackpool or Southend or Douglas. After all, the object of all these places, like the object of the holiday camps, was to provide joy in widest commonalty spread. I do not know whether it should be called the greatest common measure of joy or the lowest common denominator, but at least it was organised joy—joy to be had in the company of thousands of people who were all enjoying the same thing. A holiday was a kind of merry-go-round in which the smell of machinery mingled with the smell of ozone, and, because there were plenty of other people there, the merry-go-round and the intermingled smells were all very good.

Is the holiday camp, after all, more highly and more dangerously organised than that? Is there any more compulsion to enjoy oneself in a particular way at a holiday camp than at Blackpool? I doubt whether on Sunday one is compellep even to attend Divine Service or that apparently different thing, Roman Catholic Service. I feel perfectly sure that, if I went to the Skegness camp, I should be forced neither to box nor to enter for the Knobbly Knees Competition. That being so, I see no more objection to the organisation of holiday camps than to the organisation of a chain of Lyons tea-shops. It cannot be denied that, since the arrival of Joseph Lyons, the provision of lunch and tea for the multitude has become mechanised; but how much better the lunch and the tea are than they were in the unmechanised days of Queen Victoria!

If the holiday camps are doing for holidays what Joseph Lyons did for lunch and tea, I for one do not mind how many cinema organ recitals they give. I do not enjoy community singing, but I do not see why other people should not be allowed to community-sing "Pack Up Your Troubles" till their throats are sore if they want to do so. Apart from this, if these lovers of crowd pleasures were not encouraged to collect in crowded places, what chance would we lovers of solitude have of enjoying ourselves? Everybody would be crowding into the lonely places with dance gramophone records that would keep us awake till two in the morning. Let us therefore take a philosophic attitude to holiday camps and say of their frequenters, with a certain satisfaction: "The more they are together, the merrier we'll be." Y. Y.

THE PADLOCK IN CANADA

THE visit of the King and Queen to Canada seems to have given some much needed encouragement to the democratic forces, which in certain parts of the country had been on the defensive. The cordiality of the welcome given to Their Majesties by the German population in the West also suggests that the intense propaganda carried on by Herr Dannenberg and others has combined with recent events to produce a healthy reaction. This is all to the good, but it should not blind us to the strength of a Fascist movement which has been in existence for some years, and makes a special appeal in certain parts of the Dominion. The National Social Christian movement of Canada has certain superficial resemblances to the Fascist movement in England. Adrien Arcand, its leader, is physically very like Sir Oswald Mosley. His original lieutenants, Major Scott and Dr. Lambert, have their counterparts in the English organisation. His speeches are the usual hotch-potch of anti-Semitism, dubious economics, and attacks on the "babbleocracy" of Canadian politics. The trite and conventional nonsense about "international Jewry," the forged "Protocols of the Elders of Zion" and Freemasonry have been served up to a public which is on the whole less critical and more credulous than in England. The movement appeals to the urban youth by dressing him in a natty blue shirt, by giving him a little mild physical drill, and a mystical object of devotion in the swastika. Support amongst the farmers is gained by abuse of the Government and of the selfishness of the town politician. Their widely spread net even includes support of the Total Abstinence campaign.

An article in *Maclean's Magazine* describes the Fascist policy "as a remarkable patchwork of inconsistencies, embracing practically every fine-feathered device developed by economic quackery during the post-war years. There is a spot of Townsendism, a touch of Huey Long's soak-the-rich panacea, more than a hint of Socialism's State ownership or State control of industries, a tincture of the defunct N.R.A., mixed

in with the Nazi-Fascist ideology and, in the background, always a ruthless fanatic anti-Semitism."

The amount of support which the Fascists claim shows both the limitations and the potential dangers of the movement. Arcand states that he has 175,000 followers in Quebec, and 18,000 in Ontario. The figures may or may not be correct, but it is probable that they represent the comparative success of the Fascist appeal in the East and in the rest of Canada. It is the French Canadian—Catholic and intensely "nationalist" in a provincial sort of way—who is attracted by this essentially spurious creed. It must be remembered that the French Canadian's loyalty, so far as it extends outside his own Province, is not given to modern France. His contacts with the outside world are through his priests, and his priests see Europe through Italian eyes. From the beginning Arcand has worked closely with the Catholic Church. His meetings, especially in the earlier days, were held in rooms lent by the priests, and advertised by leaflets distributed in the porches of the churches.

Cardinal Villeneuve has undoubtedly been the most prominent cleric to identify himself with the Fascist movement. He continually preaches the necessity for a form of government closely modelled on the Fascist regime in Italy. He has been largely responsible for bringing the Fascist movement in Canada behind the Government of M. Duplessis. Anti-Communism and a strict censorship are common planks in the Church and Fascist platforms. The "program" of the latter "stands for the energetic suppression of all books, newspapers, publications of all kinds, theatre and cinema productions, works of 'art,' that exert a pernicious influence on morals, Christian faith, national character and acknowledged traditions. . . ."

On these two points, censorship and the prohibition of Communism, the combination of Church and Fascism has been very successful. They have forced the so-called "padlock law" through the Provincial Legislature. This extraordinary measure was adopted by the Quebec Legislature in March, 1937, without a single dissenting vote—a remarkable tribute to the political power of the Church. It enables the Attorney-General to padlock, for a period of one year, any building about which he has "satisfactory proof" that it has been used "to propagate Communism or Bolshevism by any means whatever." It also makes it an offence to distribute literature "propagating or *tending to* propagate Communism or Bolshevism." This latter section allows the Director of Provincial Police a remarkably free hand to exercise his discretion with regard to the censorship. Amongst books which have come under his ban are *Pekin Picnic* by Ann Bridges, three Greek plays by Jack Lindsay, the *Canadian Forum*, etc.

During the last few months Cardinal Villeneuve and his followers have been at some pains to differentiate between Fascism and Nazism. He has recently stated that "it would be manifestly unfair to claim that Italian Fascism and Nazism are the same, and place Hitler and Mussolini on the same level morally, especially since the latter's presence at Munich contributed so largely to avert war." The Church's loyalty to Italy remains unshaken. Benito Mussolini, Italo Balbo, and Marshal Badoglio still adorn a large fresco in the church of Notre Dame de la Défense. The Church still supports the anti-conscription campaign partly on the grounds that Christians should not be drawn into an imperialist war against Italy. Fascist propaganda against the defence measures of England and France is greatly strengthened by the old French-Canadian theory that they should never be asked to fight except on Canadian soil. The average peasant still takes his views from such weekly papers as *L'Avenir du Nord* and *La Terre chez Nous*, which inculcate a loyalty hardly overstepping the provincial boundaries, and strictly rationed by the Church.

This alliance of Church and Fascism has been frequently embarrassed by the excessive zeal of the official representatives in Canada of the Totalitarian Powers. The Italian Consul General Commendatore Luigi Petrucci once delivered an address in which he remarked: "I can safely say to the Canadian citizens of Italian origin that to them is reserved the great task of explaining to their fellow citizens the real meaning of the Fascism of Mussolini, so that it will be much easier for the Canadian people to adapt themselves gradually to the new economic and political system which is hardly avoidable." Herr Karl Dannenberg is rather cruder, and recently made a broadcast appeal in which he insisted that he was also Nazi leader for East Canada, and said: "For all this which our Fuehrer has accomplished during 1938 in peace, by his wise statesmanship and the help of the Almighty, we are very thankful." The Nazis are also carrying on an active propaganda from Winnipeg, and have roused a considerable amount of antagonism by their methods—which frequently offend Canadian sensibilities. Another kind of feeling has been aroused by the discovery that a group of Germans have been attempting to get hold of the island of Anticosti in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, with the idea of turning it into a German airport and base.

It would seem that the events of last March have weakened the Fascist movement in Canada, as they have done in America. There are reports of divisions in the ranks, and rival groups. Recent revelations showing the extent of German participation in the Spanish War and the fact that General Franco began operations with Hitler's active support have also probably more effect on the other side of the Atlantic. By far the most disturbing side of Canadian Fascism is the light which it has thrown upon the French Canadians and their priests. They appear as a definitely obscurantist group, almost untouched by the general freedom of outlook which prevails over most of North America. Even if Arcand fades into the background, the anti-Semitism, the censorship, and the political sympathy for Italy will remain.

G. T. GARRATT

SIEG HEIL!

Too much against the Reich is said,
Seen only with the eyes of hate;
Misunderstood through fear and dread
The German soul is still as great.
The Reich her champions can breed
Triumphant, in the hour of need.

With vital energies renewed,
Responsive to the State's demands,
They summon faith and fortitude
Unparalleled in milder lands;
Sustained on their dictated course
From some deep spiritual source.

One man new Germany has made,
A voice inspired, a force unspent,
With foes on every side arrayed,
But armed against encirclement,
A leader of immortal fame!

Martin Niemöller is his name.

SAGITTARIUS

Miscellany

COUNTRY NOTES

Fishing

ON a calm, warm evening with bats and flies about, just the happy sort of evening to pull a trout towards sunset out of the lake, I went down hopefully equipped with rod and landing net; took out the boat; and found myself confronted by a large wet sheep.

The poor thing had been driven into the water by a dog—my own dog, suddenly gone gay. Fortunately it was also one of my own sheep, one of that unusual horned variety known as Jacob's sheep, so that I need feel no sense of guilt or apprehension towards an injured farmer. I did, however, feel a sense

of responsibility towards the animal itself and rowed towards it in a spirit of rescue, discovering then (not for the first time) how very difficult it is to help animals in distress, so profound and instinctive is their mistrust of one's good intentions. Alarmed by my approach it made efforts to swim, and indeed did very nobly as a swimmer, crossing the lake as I rowed after it, swimming desperately in the effort to escape me whom it took to be yet another enemy. I caught it up on the farther shore, where it stuck in the shallows, enabling me to lasso it neatly round the horns with the boat's painter; I had no other rope, so had to slice the painter with my knife. We sat contemplating one another, the sheep and I, I still wishing to fish but entangled instead with this poor tiresome creature, unwillingly looped to it by a rope, faced by the need of getting it safely back to land. It looked at me with vacant eyes; seldom had I seen so unhelpful a victim. We stared at one another, and as we stared it sank lower and lower, getting wetter and wetter, until its fleece billowed out like a Victorian bathing-dress filling with water, floating on the surface in woolly flounces half buoyant, half sodden. Its long tail drifted on the surface behind it, an absurd sausage. I tugged at the rope hoping to tow it back to shore, but the beast apparently intent on defeating my friendly purpose, wrapped its forelegs round a stump of old willow and could not or would not be budged. I sat back in the boat thinking how ticklish a problem it was ever to help people out of their private difficulties, the sheep meanwhile continuing to contemplate me with the same vacant unhelpful eyes. I tugged again; rolled up my sleeve; sank my arm to the elbow; grasped the all too muscular forelegs; succeeded in unwinding them from the stump; and eventually rowed off with the sheep in tow, a ludicrous rodeo that ended in landing the most unexpected fish I ever caught.

More Fishing

Years ago, in Scotland, I used to fish far more successfully. I think the trout there must have been less sophisticated; they certainly showed more willingness to be caught; and as I never found a half-drowned sheep waiting for me in the loch, my attempts at fishing were uninterrupted. I could always be certain of bringing back five or six trout for breakfast on the following morning. I shall never forget the enchantment of those evenings—the walk up to the loch, alone or with my father, the loosening of the small moored boat, the paddling out into the platter of still water surrounded by heather hills, the silence, the privacy, the soft dip of the oars, the soft swish of the cast, the stillness, the sudden rush of the line, the rasp of the reel, the rush of the fish, the excitement of waiting with landing-net poised, the gleam of the tired fish coming to the surface almost ready to be scooped out of the water yet with enough life left in him to make one last dash, the beauty of the hills all around us, the final successful scoop, the twitching speckled body dropped in the bottom of the boat. My father was a humane man, but neither he nor I could resist the zeal of that brief intense struggle with a prey so far colder and smaller than ourselves. I have observed that humanitarianism is deplorably apt to work in ratio to the size and charm of the victim concerned. Thus although my father had no objection to catching trout, nothing would induce him to shoot the roe-deer in the woods. Once or twice during the season there were organised beats which he hated but never had the moral courage to forbid. He would take me with him, and together we would stand waiting in a clearing, he with his gun ready and an unspoken understanding between us of what he meant to do. We both liked the woods; we liked the sounds, the bracken, the birches; we never talked much; even the dogs stayed quiet; our own quietness seemed to influence them. Then from a distance would come the noise of the beaters advancing, and suddenly a smaller noise—the crack of a twig, the rustling of a leaf—a frightened little noise, the tremble of a fugitive. An interval of silence always seemed to impose itself between the advance of the beaters and the forerunners of the deer; some moments of suspense during which the deer and the man with the gun were intimately and fatally connected. They came in terror, and he waited, the murderer filled with secret mercy. Peering round a tree trunk came the first elegant little head, the bright eyes, the tiny horns, the active arrested hooves, searching for escape down the familiar ways. Nimbleness paused and peered. Then he, taking apparently careful aim, would fire and a scamper of feet would follow. How had he managed to miss? The fruitless report must have scared all deer for a mile round. Yet he was generally considered as a very good shot.

Shooting

He did not like big covert drives either, though as a good shot he was always invited to them, and again owing to a lack of moral courage he seldom refused. Propped on our shooting-sticks, he and I would wait at the edge of a wood, beside the split rod fluttering a bit of rag to mark his standing. On those richly golden autumnal afternoons, with his loader and dog, we must have looked like a photograph in the social illustrated papers. I do not think he enjoyed it any more than I did. There was an excitement, of course, as the birds began to come over, and a certain satisfaction as the big pheasant suddenly crumpled in the air, falling with a thud a few yards away; but he always called it slaughter and would flick the blood from the breast feathers with a regretful finger. What he really enjoyed was rough shooting, where he felt that he and the birds stood a more even chance; he felt that these were wild birds, not fat semi-tame things expensively bred for the fashionable sportsman's pleasure; besides, a tramp of ten or fifteen miles over rough ground and through wet turnips helped to justify the few brace he could carry home in his own (and my) pockets. To this day I can feel the cold wetness of the " roots " sloshing round my ankles, then the drying brush of the heather. His dog and I followed him in equal obedience. We never knew if we were going to put up a partridge, a pheasant, a woodcock, a snipe, or even a grouse. The element of chance and difficulty swept all those covert-shooting days from our souls like a clean wind. We had no loader with us then, no keeper requiring a five-pound tip; freedom was ours and the sporting chance.

He was a pleasing man, my father.

V. SACKVILLE-WEST

PICTURES IN SWITZERLAND

ONE of the accidental by-products of the present world situation has been the immense stimulus which the expulsion not only of artists but also of works of art from Fascist countries has given to the arts in democratic countries. In England, music has particularly benefited, so that with Glyndebourne and the London Music Festival, we are now almost in the position of Austria with the pre-Hitler Salzburg and Vienna festivals. By a strange combination of circumstances, Switzerland is now a storehouse of some of the greatest masterpieces of art, past and present. The magnificent Exhibition of masterpieces from Spain at Geneva has somehow a little the air of an obituary notice. Having failed to save the world from war, the League can at least serve as a museum to exhibit fragments rescued from countries which are the victims of aggression. Whilst just as there is a Bank of International Settlements at Bâle to hand over the Czech assets, so there is an international Exhibition at Lucerne where Hitler is trying to sell some of the best modern paintings from German Galleries.

Everyone who can possibly afford to do so should go to Geneva to see the unparalleled exhibition of paintings from the Prado, the Escurial and a few other collections. Unfortunately, Switzerland is extremely expensive. I therefore recommend those who cannot afford to stay in Geneva to stay just over the border in the delightful Savoyan country, and visit Geneva just for the day. There are only 200 pictures and one can see a great deal in one day.

Spanish painting, more than any other school, needs to be seen *en masse*, because almost every Spanish painter adds to, and is complementary to, every other. English people who have only seen the Spanish pictures in the National Gallery and the Louvre are like those whose idea of *Hamlet* is derived from a performance of only one scene. The Exhibition at Geneva is by no means complete, yet by concentrating entirely on masterpieces it gives one an idea of the whole drama in miniature. The drama is essentially Spain, and even when it is at its richest and most confident, as in the portraits of Velasquez, it remains tragic.

Never has an aristocracy been painted with such genius as in Spain, never with such devastating honesty. The royal portraits by Velasquez have a completeness to which nothing could be added. All the human qualities of magnificence and insolence and stupidity and degeneracy have been stated on the canvas. One cannot imagine these characters having anything to say for themselves that cannot be more interestingly stated about them by the brush. So that whilst Spanish portraits leave us with no illusions about their subjects, at the same time they justify them, because they say everything great and tragic that the wretched creatures cannot say for themselves. The gesture of Philip IV in a Velasquez portrait is as though Elizabethan blank verse had been thrust into his mouth.

El Greco's portraits, on the other hand, have a spirituality which corresponds to the worldliness of Velasquez' characters. The world of Velasquez is illuminated from the outside, by the world; El Greco's, from within, by the other world. This diffused objectivity always gives Spanish portraiture something in common with the Impressionists. When we come to Goya the wheel is full circle, and in his picture of the Family of Charles IV the figures are painted simply as characters of interest without an inner or an outward illumination, except such as is ironically supplied by the lights on medals and jewellery, and the unforgettable gold of the queen's dress.

Compare Raphael's portrait of a Cardinal or Durer's narcissistic self-portrait, with the Spanish portraits. The Italian and German artists leave us with curiosity about their models, the Spaniards paint characters in a worldly or divine or macabre scene, whilst the heartless landscape of Spain is never far absent from these paintings.

I saw more pictures last week in Switzerland than in any other week of my life. For there are also the Exhibition of Delacroix in Bâle; of Braque, Juan Gris and Picasso Leger in Zurich; and of the pictures from Germany in Lucerne. Moreover, in all these towns there are extremely interesting galleries, and probably for many people the pictures at Bâle by the early Bâle Master Konrad Witz will be as exciting a discovery as they were for myself.

Delacroix was a painter of most subtle intelligence which sometimes, I think, misled him into painting pictures which are like illustrations of bad romances. But there are marvellous and lucid passages in nearly all his compositions, whilst his freest sketches have a mysterious poetic quality rarely obtained by the Surrealists. There are several great Delacroix at Zurich; and there are also fascinating drawings and water-colours. He draws Pegasus better even than Picasso.

The Picasso-Braque-Gris-Leger exhibition at Zurich is conscientiously abstract and cubist. There are a couple of large still lives, and a metal-coloured cubist portrait, by Picasso, which are in his best manner of that time. Gris is so charming that his cubism strikes me merely as a convention which he practised as gracefully and easily as he could have painted in any other. It certainly lacks the harsh violence which makes Leger a painter difficult either to like or ignore.

In choosing the un-Nazi pictures which are being auctioned at Lucerne, the Nazis seem to have followed very faithfully Hitler's guiding principle that he will not endure pictures with blue grass and pink skies. Blue and pink are evidently dangerous colours for a Nazi to use (for that matter, the presence of Van Gogh's greatest self-portrait goes to show that yellow and green are not too safe either). In any case, it is evident that blue and pink Picassos are all tabu, so here we have a room which includes the sentimental but nevertheless very beautiful "Absinthtrinkerin" from Hamburg, a wonderful pink and blue picture of a harlequin and young man, and the large painting of a French professor's family seated on a blue lawn, with their picnic meal spread out in front of them. There is something specially shameless about the fact that the Nazis have not even troubled to move the names of the original donors of these pictures to public galleries, from the frames. Private Collectors in the axis countries would be well advised, it seems, not to be too generous in giving away their pictures.

With the Picassos, there are a landscape, a still life, and a very large study of nudes, by Matisse. The landscape is particularly beautiful, with the sky, of course, a little on the pink side. Besides the French paintings there is a more representative collection of German paintings than the rather unfortunate selection gathered in London a year ago. Kokoschka's painting of the Thames is one of the liveliest pictures of London that have been painted this century. One can be certain that many of the pictures on these walls will retain their lustre long after the few machine guns which Hitler may buy with the proceeds will have rusted.

STEPHEN SPENDER

"ELECTRA" IN MODERN GREEK

I THOUGHT it would be impossible to keep an audience hushed, attentive and often thrilled during a performance of Sophocles' *Electra*, yet this was the feat that the Greek company from the National Theatre of Greece achieved on Monday night at His Majesty's. When this notice appears, alas, they will have left England on their Continental tour. What I write cannot be of use to playgoers. It is my tribute to a most remarkable performance, which while this article is printing, I shall have the joy of seeing once more: Mme. Catina Paxinou is a great tragic actress. No part could be more exacting than that of Electra in this play. She is on the stage practically the whole time, and she has to convey in turn grief, loathing, rage, despair, immense surprise and the ecstasy of a just revenge—with naked force. The strain upon an actress's powers which this entails may be suggested by saying that the passages of numb despair in the part are those of comparative rest, when Electra must moan and rock and hug herself and hang her head like the savage she is.

To sustain such a part requires in the first place immense animal vitality (this is essential in poetically passionate as opposed to psychological acting), a gift for an almost sculptural composure of gesture (to tear any one of these moods to tatters would be fatal) and a thrilling, flexible voice. Mme. Paxinou possesses all these gifts and in a rare degree, together with a facial expressiveness that enables her not only to change but to keep *fixed* some dominant emotion on her face. There were moments—and how valuable this was in playing in ancient Greek drama goes without saying—when her face was like a mask, a mask she constantly changed. The effect was astounding, beautiful, adding a strange, Giotto-like dignity to the primitive passions portrayed.

I have no doubt that her performance would have been unforgettable even if it had not been admirably supported, as it was, by others on the stage. Sophocles' *Electra*, to an extent almost unique in drama, is a one-part play. But there is no doubt at all that the restrainted vigour of those who acted with her, Mme. Hélène Papadaki (Clytemnestra), M. Cotsopoulos (Orestes), small parts compared with that of Electra herself, helped us to feel the intensity of her acting. The producer, M. Rondiris, had kept a watchful eye on every movement of the actors, every necessary crescendo or diminuendo of their voices, and the Chorus (usually the weakest part in revivals of Greek drama) was far more gravely impressive than any I have yet seen.

The peculiarity of Sophocles' treatment of this story of revenge is that in his hands, throughout, interest is centred on Electra. Orestes, the deliverer, except at the very end—the crisis

when he passes into the palace to kill his mother, is a subordinate dramatic figure. It is true the greater part of the play is a preparation for his coming which shall put an end to the tyranny of evil and punish the wicked; but it is through Electra's misery and helpless revolt before Orestes appears that the nature of a tyranny of crime is conveyed. It has reduced her to an almost pathological state, and what differentiates Sophocles' play from the *Libation-Pourers* of Aeschylus is that it is not so much the passion of religious vengeance that possesses her as a frantic love for her dead father, whom her mother and her mother's lover murdered. Electra's state of mind is not unlike that of Hamlet.

When Agamemnon was killed she had saved her brother to be his avenger. Her ecstasy of joy when she discovers that Orestes is not dead; that they were not *his* ashes which she had hugged to her breast in despair, but that sword on hip he is standing before her, ready to fulfil her one wish on earth, is not only an expression of love for Orestes but also of the wildest glee at the prospect of that fulfilment. So, too, is that gesture when she, a princess of the House of Atreus, kisses the feet of the loyal servant who had brought him back and designed the plot of his reported death to lull the suspicions of Clytemnestra and Aegisthus.

The moment of recognition is the climax of climaxes, and Mme. Paxinou, slowly awakening, to that incredible relief, acted then with an energy of feeling which drew a storm of applause from a house hitherto hushed by the prolonged pressure of the action up to that point. If one unable to follow the words can judge of such a point, there was also a faint gleam of divination on Electra's face when she first lifted her head to look at the strange young man who had brought in his hands the urn of her brother's ashes. "Could it be Orestes himself?" And then the gleam vanished. The famous speech describing Orestes' death in a chariot-race was delivered with admirably calculated elocution by M. Rozan, but he looked to my eyes a little too biblical a figure. Again (but one who could not follow the words cannot dogmatise) it seemed to me that the ironic point of Aegisthus' question, "In what men's net was this victim caught?" when he sees the body of Clytemnestra beneath the purple covering that had shrouded Agamemnon, did not take full effect. Surely he ought to lift the covering with his own hand before he goes to his death?

I am sorry that what I am writing can only suggest to lovers of acting what most have missed, and that it will not be due to any prompting of mine that anyone, two hours hence, will be watching the great palace doorway looming through the early morning darkness, and hearing the first words of Electra, "O holy light, air, canopy of earth, how often have you heard my lamentations."

DESMOND MACCARTHY

THE SARDINE

THE sea was transparent.

In the boat the young man bent over the girl, whispering to her, softly. Their faces were radiant as the gulls skimmed the foam.

The sardine dived under the hull of the boat and came to the surface again. She was deaf, and could not hear what they were saying, but she knew the secrets of the seaweed and the coloured depths.

The sardine could see the little wrinkles at the corners of the lovers' mouths. She sailed round the fragile barque, darted off to a distance, then peeped in over the side. The sunlight caught one of her scales, and shining up through the waves, alighted gently on the young man's eyelid. As he blinked, the sardine, swept away by the current, joined a passing shoal of herrings.

The bells rang out till the church roof swayed. The young couple were married in the scent of lilies. Their white-gloved hands were like fluttering doves.

The fisherman was spreading his nets. Bitter tears seared his cheeks, for he could not turn away from the horizon.

The sardine was a prisoner.

Time dripped slowly from the myriad parasite clocks and the young couple settled down in a tidy house.

In the canning factory the sardine passed hundreds of dirty finger-nails before falling asleep in her tin bed. She slept soundly on the grocery shelves. She did not hear the door creaking, nor count the thousand footsteps alighting to soar again.

One autumn evening, the sardine awoke on a white field, between an artichoke and a team of radishes. About to signal the kick-off, she suddenly recognised two distorted faces, angry teeth—a quarrel. She slithered quickly into her shallow oil.

A bright glint caught from the garish lamp slipped beneath the young man's eyelids. He saw the wide ocean, their kisses, the sunshine, and their love.

He touched the woman's hand, and his anger dropped away. With his free hand he impaled the sardine on a fork.

JEAN DE NÉVEUR

CIVILISATION

THE invisible human spirit
Is building in the town
Building intricate manners,
The sad laugh, subtle frown:

A vast complex convention
Of talk, of hint, of pose
Enmeshed in decoration
Lovely as nature's rose.

The vestiges immortal
Of custom coral-shrined;
Carved on each house's portal
The centuries behind:

The pangs of ancient lovers
In twisted candelabra;
Perfume, the frilling curtains,
All memory's abracadabra.

And these strange wax-like beauties
White-shouldered, coiffured, pure
As parti-coloured marble
Whose sculptured smiles endure:

Their limbs of loveliest coral—
Pale-handed, with bright eyes—
Are the rose-red material
From which the spirit flies.

Like gaiety of children,
Like rage of many Springs,
Like the glitter on the table
From glass and silver things:

Such as, in glimmering ocean
Shines reef-like from the sea
Coral, the massed emotion
Of insect-industry!

W. J. TURNER

THE MOVIES

"Confessions of a Nazi Spy," at the Warner
"Peter the Great," at the Academy
"Beethoven," at the Curzon

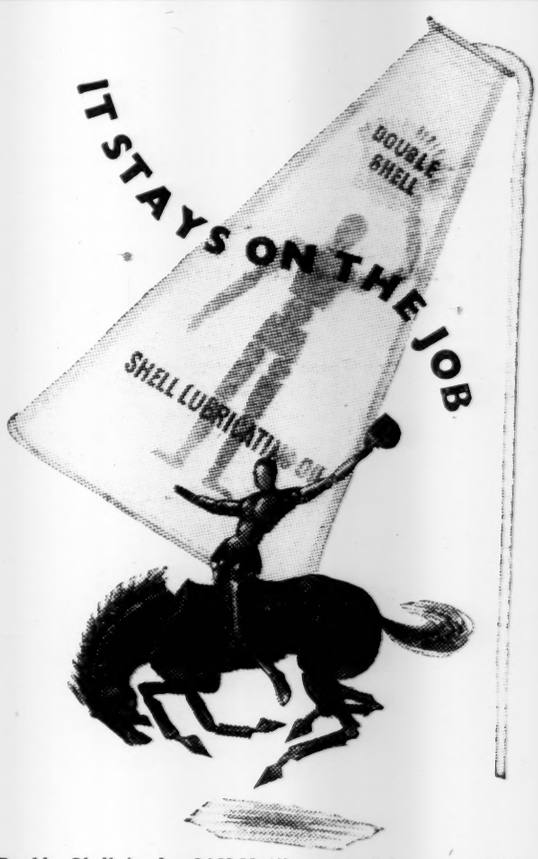
IN 1939 a single film can be both a documentary and a fantastic melodrama. We can no longer afford to smile at the penny dreadful; "Sapper" and Sax Rohmer are the authors who show us what we have to face—the cult of brutality, the complete inversion of values, the exaltation of cunning above all other intellectual qualities. That is our world to-day, a

civilisation distractedly dancing to the tune of criminals and maniacs. It does not make a pretty sight, and for one reason or another the spectacle of what is happening to the world has been hitherto concealed from the cinema-goer. Hollywood, always anxious to avoid offending the most distant or least mature of its patrons, has fought shy of politics; Elstree is hardly grown-up enough to know that they exist. It is true that the companies are not altogether to be blamed for their caution; it is almost impossible to make a film without treading on somebody's toes. The subject was discussed in a recent article by the *Daily Telegraph's* film critic, Mr. Campbell Dixon; before I read that article, I had no idea how frequently films which seem to us not only harmless but positively beneficial are banned in other parts of the world. (*Dead End*, for example, was "probably the most banned American film made in 1938"; among those who refused it were Jamaica, Trinidad and Greece.) In these circumstances it is all the more extraordinary that Warner Brothers should have tackled the subject of the recent Nazi espionage trials in America, and that the result should have been licensed over here by a censor who only the other day banned *Professor Mamlock*. Its public exhibition may prove a milestone in the history of the cinema as a political force. Obviously it is going to make a sensation; not, of course, an artistic one—judged as fiction, it is just a sound, well-constructed spy drama. The whole point of the film is that it is not fiction, but truth: 98 per cent. of it is direct representation of things as they happened, and may at any moment happen again.

Producer and director have done their work with skill and singular restraint. Emphasis is rightly laid, not on the fact that Germany employs spies (for all nations have their Secret Service), but on the abominable doctrines which they endeavour to spread throughout the country of which they are free citizens, and on the ruthless brutality with which the Gestapo agents keep them up to the mark. Caricature has been avoided, and the frenzied speech-making and cheering of German-American Bund meetings ring absolutely true. The spies are cleverly characterised (notably by Francis Lederer), and Edward G. Robinson makes a genially intelligent F.B.I. prosecutor. I don't see how anyone aware of the world situation to-day could fail to find this film absorbing, and I have no doubt it will prove effective anti-appeasement propaganda here and anti-isolationist propaganda in the United States. So far, excellent. But there is unfortunately another aspect to be considered. So hateful are the ideas and activities displayed in this film that the audience is tempted to indulge itself in a pleasurable orgy of hatred; on Monday night hisses and derisive laughter swept round the packed house. One could feel the approach of a war-mentality, the sort of mentality which leads to the public baiting of respectable citizens who bear Teutonic names. An unpleasant atmosphere, but how is it to be avoided? Here is a problem for the psychologist. It is clearly essential that the meaning of Nazism should be brought home to the masses, and it is both inevitable and desirable that their reaction should be hostile. But it is not likely that they will draw fine distinctions between hatred of a regime and hatred of a country, and that brings us unpleasantly close to the sort of race-hatred which Germany herself inculcates. So we are faced with yet another hopeless dilemma to add to the many which already distract our consciences.

There are few films which I dislike more than those long-winded, reverent charades which in Hollywood pass for history. Consequently I welcome with especial joy a historical film which shows a real sense of the past. That is the great virtue of *Peter the Great*, a Russian film which has its *longueurs* but is nevertheless one of the most distinguished products of the Soviet screen recently seen in this country. The film brilliantly captures the medievalism of Russia at the turn of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries; its hordes of soldiers, peasants, religious fanatics and bearded boyars all belong to a filthy, sweating, disorderly world which Peter is determined to reform; students are sent to Holland and England to study mathematics and shipbuilding, the old Byzantine bells are melted down to make cannon, the boyars have to shave their beards. In all this we may see an allegory of Stalin's efforts to industrialise a sluggish peasantry and of his desire to divert popular enthusiasm from idealistic into patriotic channels; perhaps, too, of his new policy of co-operation with the West. Peter himself, however, is not very Stalinesque: he is depicted as a roystering, devil-may-care fellow of enormous energy, with all the popular virtues and a fair share of the popular vices; his relationship with the neurotic, artistic Tsarevich recalls that between Frederick I and his son in Jannings's *Der Alte und der Junge König*, and the moral appears to be the same—there is no place for the artist-intellectual in the new Russia or the new Germany. *Peter the Great* is further notable for some finely photographed set-pieces of ancient siege-warfare, and a number of sharply etched characters, among which I particularly took to a lustful old devil of a Field-Marshal.

Beethoven is a film of which M. Abel Gance, who directed it and wrote the scenario, should feel thoroughly ashamed. It is commonplace, effusive, and utterly false in sentiment. Its constant theme is a rather sickly brand of love, and Giulietta Guicciardi is wrongly represented as the master passion of the composer's life. Harry Baur suggests the brooding solitary, but can make nothing of the stubborn revolutionary, half Prometheus and half petty bourgeois, whom we reconstruct from the plentiful accounts of Beethoven's contemporaries. In place of his sullen, ill-treated servants we get an exasperating chorus of *gemütlich* merry-makers straight out of *Lilac Time*. Chronology is thrown to the winds: the master is shown at work on the Third Symphony years after the completion of his Sixth. For one moment the film rises to the height of its theme: it is when Beethoven discovers his total deafness, an episode enriched by an anonymous performance of touching sincerity in the part of a shepherd boy. The entertainment concludes with a death scene, during which a booming French



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soprano sings " Miserere Domini " to a melody lifted from the opening bars of the *Moonlight Sonata*. The Lord may have mercy on M. Gance, but Beethoven won't.

PETER GALWAY

PLAYS AND PICTURES

Russian Ballet, at Covent Garden

The new ballet, *Le Fils Prodigue*, is new only in its choreography: Lichine's. Its chief merits lie in Prokofieff's music, which is some of the richest and most varied he has written, and Rouault's curtains. The sombre colours and broad black lines of the drop-scene made an impressive background to the gravity of the patriarch and the skipping glees of the prodigal. There is something Jobish about the choreography which one may or may not like; Lichine certainly manages to get more life out of the situation than the choreographer of Vaughan Williams's *Job*. His invention in the drinking scene, especially, was wonderfully lively, and he gave to Baronova a series of dances with a hoop which won the most moving moments of the evening. Dolin as the Prodigal gave a performance as active and striking as his performance of Satan. *Protée*, with the Debussy music, was an unfamiliar and welcome revival. The Chirico scenery is not as good as *Le Bal*, but the compact economy of M. Lichine's choreographic conception is very rewarding. *Carnaval*, with which the evening opened, brought with it a very remarkable new star. M. Lazovsky may become a great European dancer: he was nervous, but the quality is unmistakably there. On the second night, his performance as the Waiter in the *Good-Humoured Ladies* had all the taut, nervous vitality of the young Massine. In *Prince Igor* the part was a little too heavy for him. *Cendrillon*, the d'Erlanger-Gontcharova ballet, is ambitious but muddled, trivial and heavy. Each ballet would be enhanced, incidentally, if the conductor would be just a little brisker: the orchestra need pulling together, and shaking up.

Cosi Fan Tutte at Glyndebourne

This year's production of Mozart's comic masterpiece *Cosi Fan Tutte* was notable for two major alterations in the cast. The American mezzo-soprano Risë Stevens took the part of Dorabella, previously sung by Luise Helletsgruber, and a new Italian tenor, Gino del Signore, was in the place of Heddle Nash as Ferrando. Signor Signore proved himself to be an excellent singer, especially in the more animated passages; his voice is of pleasing quality and he sings in tune. He is also an admirable actor and his recitative singing in the restored Recitative and Cavatina " Tradito " was brilliant. One wondered why this aria had ever been omitted, especially as it assists the dramatic development of the plot and confirms the opinion of those critics who maintain that *Cosi Fan Tutte* is just as serious a composition as *Figaro* and *Don Giovanni*. As Dorabella Risë Stevens was an emphatic success, the darker colour of her voice blending with specially agreeable effect in the many ensembles which are so notable in this opera. Ina Souez always surpasses herself as Fiordiligi and has achieved an additional mellowness this year. Irene Eisinger repeated her incomparable performance as Despina and altogether the production of *Cosi Fan Tutte* remains perhaps Glyndebourne's finest achievement.

"Misalliance," at Torch Theatre, Knightsbridge

This little theatre, seating barely a hundred people, is an ideal *théâtre intime*. All the requisites set forth by Strindberg in his introduction to *Miss Julie* could be met here by the producer of naturalistic plays. A whisper would carry to the back row. We can see the faces of the actors and not merely moving masks. (Strindberg complained of the deceiving effects of footlights.) It was exactly suited to Shaw's *Misalliance*. This, the most Wildian of his plays, needs no more than a small stage, good acting and some patience on the part of the audience. The first two were provided by the Torch Theatre company; the audience managed the second. We were allowed a break after the aeroplane crash. The acting during the first part of the play had been consistently good: Romilly Linge as Johnny, Margaret Emden as Mrs. Tarleton, Nigel Clarke as Lord Summerhays, and Frank Moore as John Tarleton were all exceptionally good. The interval brought us in airman's overalls, Miss Dorothy Black. This admirable actress riveted us as she did the men in the play who one after another proposed to her. Finally there is a piece of masterly pathos and comedy in Stuart Burge's dramatic appearance as John Brown. Altogether this is the best performance of a Shaw play we have seen. We recommend theatre-goers to try this little theatre as a relaxation from the Covent Gardens and Hippodromes.

German, Austrian and Czechoslovakian Artists at the Wertheim Gallery

It seems that a German or Austrian has only to possess a world-wide reputation, and automatically he wins the hatred of his government. Thomas Mann, Hindemith, Paul Klee—all unquestionably " Aryan "—eat the bread of exile with Einstein and Freud. Indeed Richard Strauss is almost the only great representative of German culture who still is tolerated in his native land. Consequently a Free German League of Culture has been formed to preserve the Central European tradition of literature, music and art. To this League we owe the interesting exhibition at the Wertheim Gallery. The standard of sculpture is particularly high—the Germans and Austrians have indeed usually shown more conspicuous gifts for carving and modelling than for painting. George Ehrlich's heads are the most distinguished works in the exhibition, but all the sculpture is worth examining. The paintings include four works by Kokoshka; an artist with extraordinary talent and energy, he is a colourist rather than a designer, and his disregard for the subtleties of his art is too undisguised. A brilliantly handled view of Prague is the best of his exhibits. Fred Uhlman is excellently represented: in each of his pictures we recognise that the artist has caught sight of something, been excited, and delicately transcribed his excitement. He seems the most effective, because the most sensitive, exponent of the German romantic passion. A painter new to us is Jupp Dernbach, his flower piece has a sumptuous elegance like that of the best Austrian Baroque, but without a touch of pastiche. We hope to see more of his work. Altogether this small exhibition gives a much more favourable view of contemporary German art than the big show last year at the New Burlington Galleries.

French and English Paintings, at the Redfern

A number of good pictures, most of them smallish, make this show well worth visiting. A Bonnard of people walking across the Pont de la Concorde, and a landscape by Spencer Gore are excellent examples. Among works by Degas, Picasso, Rouault and Modigliani, one is delighted to see two young English painters represented—Pasmore by a very slight but charming *Garden*, Moynihan by a harbour-scene, one of his best works, and a Manet-like still life. In the next room Miss Olive Snell, whom a flower-piece and a few sketches show to be a gifted painter, in spite of her portraits.

THE COMING WEEK

FRIDAY, June 23rd—
- Countryside Preservation Exhibition, Birmingham Art Gallery. Till July 5th.

SATURDAY, June 24th—
- S. C. R. Week-end School, Digswell Park, Welwyn. Partics. from 98 Gower St., W.C.1.
- Labour Party Midsummer Garden Fête, 67 Eton Ave., 3.30.

SUNDAY, June 25th.—
- Moritz J. Bonn: " Space for Living," Conway Hall, 11.
- A United Youth Service, St. Martin in the Fields, 3.30.

MONDAY, June 26th—
- Ballet Rambert, Mercury.

TUESDAY, June 27th—
- Elizabeth Denby: " Urban Development, Cottages and Flats," Housing Centre Lunch, 13 Suffolk St., S.W.1, 1.
- Agatha Harrison: " My Fourth Visit to India," Friends House, 1.20
- R. H. Pear: " Obstacles to Marriage," Royal Society, 5.15.
- Production by Wiener Kleinkunstbuehne, " The Lantern," 124 Westbourne Terrace, W.2., 8.30.
- " The Ascent of F 6," Old Vic.

WEDNESDAY, June 28th—
- P. P. U. Mass Meeting. Speakers: George Lansbury, Fenner Brockway, Maude Royden and C. E. M. Joad, Central Hall, 8.
- " Hamlet," Lyceum.

THURSDAY, June 29th—
- Exhibition of Chinese, Persian and Other Fine Arts at the house of Mr. George Eumorfopoulos, 7 Chelsea Embankment, in aid of Chinese Universities Relief Fund, 10–6. And on July 1st.
- Paul Potts: " Poetry Gets a Haircut," 4 Fitzroy St., 8.
- Mary Chadwick: " Punishment—the Pros and Cons," 67 Eton Ave., N.W.3, 8.30.
- Society for Protection of Science and Learning Dinner, Dorchester Hotel, 8.30.
- India League Public Meeting, Caxton Hall, 8.30.

Correspondence

PRAYER FOR THE FÜHRER

SIR,—Last night I was sitting in the grass of a small garden in a Berkshire town, after a rather bleak and very English afternoon, and watched the sun which had appeared but for a few moments from behind the clouds, as he was already setting again after the brief period of warmth and pleasure it had given to us, and there came into my mind some lines from Wordsworth :

> And I have felt,
> A presence that disturbs me with the joy
> Of elevated thoughts ; a sense sublime
> Of something, far more deeply interfused
> Whose dwelling the light of setting suns . . .

And I pondered over this passage, especially as I had just read Mr. Brian Howard's poem in your paper. I re-read it while the sun sank behind the White Horse Hills, and here are some of the thoughts I had, some making me smile and some weep.

I am a refugee, stranded on this country's hospitable shores two years ago, and living on charity ever since. When I left my native country, beloved above all others I know, I was a boy of 15 years, who had passed, what are perhaps the most exciting and sensitive years of life in Germany, and I had experienced the complete ruin of a once very prosperous family, the loss of values which meant everything to a fanatic and romantic boy, who had put up open resistance against all that was so wrong, whose relations had suffered agonies in concentration camps, whose parents had been subjected to the most devilish treatment while he was already abroad and unable to help.

I am still a complete foreigner, I do not know what the next day will bring, I face a very miserable future. And Mr. Howard assumes that because of all this I kneel down in the grass at night and pray for Hitler's Death. He is wrong about me and most other refugees. I have reminiscences which should make me hate :

> That time is past
> And all its aching joys are now no more
> And all its dizzy raptures. Not for this
> Faint I nor murmur, other gifts
> Have followed, for such loss, I would believe,
> Abundant recompense. For I have learned
> To look on Nature, not as in the hour
> Of thoughtless youth, but hearing oftentimes
> The still, sad music of humanity,
> Not harsh nor grating, though of ample power
> To chasten and subdue. And I have felt . . .

Wordsworth again. And he is right. I have learnt during the past years what values are eternal and what values ephemeral. This is no vain boasting, under the influence of continued and strong lasting experiences, I have learnt to despise many comforts. Hitler and his Germany are ephemeral. I pray at night, but not for their death, for such a prayer would not be in agreement with my religious views, which command me to pardon even this sinner, and moreover, since he is not eternal, he must disappear sooner or later. I pray for the souls of those who are misguided, those who are afflicted in mind and body. That embraces murderer and victim. When I see in a vision those who are still suffering in Germany, I often wonder if they might not admire the sunset too, for that is still left to them as it is to me. I ought to hate Hitler, I know, but I cannot. Perhaps even he might watch the scene from the " Berghof " at Berchtesgaden, and might have more human thoughts.

May I give an advice to the refugees (if there are any) to whom Mr. Howard apparently dedicates his poem ? That they should force themselves to come to the same conclusions as I have done, by comparatively simple and quite cheap methods. A copy of Wordsworth, or, for that matter, any one of the languages's great poets, is available I am sure without great difficulty, and a walk on your local downs, or on the common, or along the river, are something you ought to be able to afford. These things, perhaps combined with a few pictures in the great galleries, will between them be comprehensive enough to enable you to build up an entire new life on this basis, and a far more beautiful life than the one you used to lead. This poetry does not include the modern dynamic outbursts in so-called lyrical pieces, nor Mr. Howard's lines (though I am in no way unaware of and though I greatly appreciate their undoubted merit as a piece of verse) nor do the pictures include modern problem paintings and Surrealist puzzles.

Yes, Mr. Howard, there is a world, even amongst refugees, which has nothing to do with hatred for Hitler, but love for real values.

And when I had thus addressed a sermon lying in the grass, the sun had disappeared. But a faint glow remained for some time on the horizon, and I think I was neither ridiculous nor insincere (as Mr. Howard would probably allege me to be) when I folded my hands, and prayed that God may preserve in me the greatest gift he has given me ever : That I might further be allowed to see the things in Life that are essential, even though hunger and idleness might drive me mad : and Hitler's death is not one of the essentials.

A REFUGEE BOY

[Mr. Brian Howard writes : I most certainly do not think of " Refugee Boy " as either ridiculous or insincere. On the contrary, I find his attitude admirable, and, in the case of a contemplative nature, wise. My poem was intended solely as an expression of indignation at sufferings which I myself have not endured, but which have crippled the lives of many of my friends. And when they dream of the extinction of what has now become the most powerful source of evil in the world, I dream with them.

> Another year !—another deadly blow !
> Another mighty Empire overthrown !
> And We are left, or shall be left, alone ;
> The last that dare to struggle with the foe.
> 'Tis well ! from this day forward we shall know
> That in ourselves our safety must be sought ;
> That by our own right hands it must be wrought ;
> That we must stand unpropped, or be laid low.

Wordsworth wrote that, too.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

THE KING IN CANADA

SIR,—Critic, in his London Diary, makes an assertion which ought to be amplified. The French Canadians, he says, were " first instructed not to show great enthusiasm for the King and Queen of England." By whom was this instruction issued ?

Honey Ditches, ST. JOHN ERVINE
Seaton, Devon.

[Critic writes : " Amplification is easy and interesting. I am told by my informant, a very well-qualified observer, who was on the spot before and during the Royal visit, that the instructions came through the usual channels, schools, etc., used everywhere by the Catholic authorities. Normal courtesy, but not enthusiasm, was to

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Summer sun, holidays, cricket, a few weeks' release from recurrent crises—and the memory of the past months, of the invasions, the treacheries, the sufferings which Europe has all too recently known are fading away.

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be shown to the King and Queen; the French flag and not the Union Jack was to be shown; cheers were to be in French and everything done to emphasise that it was not Britain which was being honoured through the welcome to the King and Queen. Before the King and Queen arrived a good deal of bad feeling was engendered by this attitude in Quebec, and some, though not so much, in Montreal. Actually, when the King and Queen arrived, made speeches in French and spoke of themselves as King and Queen of Canada as well as of Britain, there was a remarkable outburst of enthusiasm among the French Canadians as among all the Canadian population."—ED. *N.S. & N.*]

FEDERATION

SIR,—The first sentence of Mr. Brogan's letter contains a complete contradiction. He says that he "would like to support Professor Hogben's position" (with regard to colonies) and "to protest against any well-meaning attempt to draw the red herring of Union Now across the trail." In fact, Mr. Hogben's proposal is nearly identical with Mr. Streit's. They both advocate federation, though as Mr. Lucas points out, Professor Hogben would limit the functions of the Federal Government to defence, aviation and colonial questions, while Mr. Streit and "Federal Union" are in favour of giving it wider scope.

Mr. Streit nowhere suggests that the present system of administration in South Africa or any of the non-self-governing colonies should be perpetuated. On the contrary, he states that the Federation should follow "a policy that deliberately and unequivocally aims at preparing everyone in the Union for full citizenship," and that such a policy "should transform existing colonial psychology and make the colonial problem much easier to handle."

N. BENNETT

Little Hatchett, Beaulieu, Hants.

SIR,—In the first part of his letter published in THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION of June 15th, Mr. Zilliacus has summed up Mr. Chamberlain's dilemma with nicety and precision.

In stating his nine points, however, it would seem that he has forgotten the all-important factor of time.

That the working classes of this country should assert themselves, and put England in such a state that she may have a more genuine claim to the title of democracy than she now has, before setting out to form a World Peace Union, would, under other circumstances be perhaps the most logical and desirable sequence of events.

Under the existing circumstances such a leisurely course of procedure is out of the question. If a world is to remain in which social improvement can take place, a Peace or Federal Union of the Democracies must be the first step.

The same oblivion of the need for prompt action manifests itself again in the round-about method of approach that he suggests to such an indispensable member of the Union as the United States. If the procedure that he advocates were to be followed, no concrete results could be obtained until too late.

Burford, Oxfordshire. D. F. GOODSON

MR. GEDYE AND THE "DAILY TELEGRAPH"

SIR,—I am sorry to have to trouble you with another letter about myself, but I see that Mr. Hield writes in your issue of June 3rd that my letter which you published on May 20th was "based on a quite erroneous assumption" that the policy of the *Daily Telegraph* was "one of support for Mr. Chamberlain in the crisis of Munich," and that this is "unjust" on my part.

Mr. Hield is mistaken in thinking that my letter was based on any "assumption" regarding the policy of the *Daily Telegraph* "in the crisis of Munich"; as Prague correspondent of that paper at that time, I was probably in a better position than Mr. Hield to know, without making any "assumption," what that newspaper's policy was. My breach with the *Daily Telegraph* did not occur during the Munich crisis—nor when Mr. Chamberlain's policy concerning the Czechs came to fruition last March—but between these two events. Mr. Watson's original letter made it, I think, quite clear that it was my attitude towards Mr. Chamberlain which led the paper to feel, as he said, that I had "destroyed my value as a reporter" for it. Does Mr. Hield imagine that because the *Daily Telegraph* uttered—at the time of Munich—certain mild criticisms of the Munich dictation, that the paper thereby ceased to support Mr. Chamberlain, or that the forthcoming General Election will not find Lord Camrose's powerful organ concentrating its efforts on securing the return of Mr. Chamberlain to power, and therefore on the continuance of whatever foreign policy he may wish to pursue?

Fallen Bastions roundly condemned not merely Munich, but the general foreign policy of Mr. Chamberlain, and expressed its author's deep distrust of him as a man whose aim is to align Britain with the Fascist Powers. (That distrust, incidentally, stands unchanged to-day—despite the present period of "shadow boxing" with those Powers and the attempt to use "conversations" with Russia to scare them into letting Mr. Chamberlain buy his way into the Fascist bloc at a lower figure than would otherwise be fixed.) I think that both Mr. Watson and myself are in full agreement that it was the outspoken condemnation of Chamberlainism which *Fallen Bastions* contained that brought about the severance of a connection which, had I not felt obliged to speak out so clearly, might have continued to be a happy one on both sides. But, as I said, one cannot write freely about the foreign policy of Mr. Chamberlain and remain a foreign correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*. One cannot become a foreign correspondent of the *Times* without pledging oneself not to express oneself either in outside articles or books without the approval of that newspaper. These are new developments. For such—and many other—curtailments of independent sources of information on foreign affairs I, for one, would not dream of blaming primarily the newspapers concerned, but "Chamberlainism" itself.

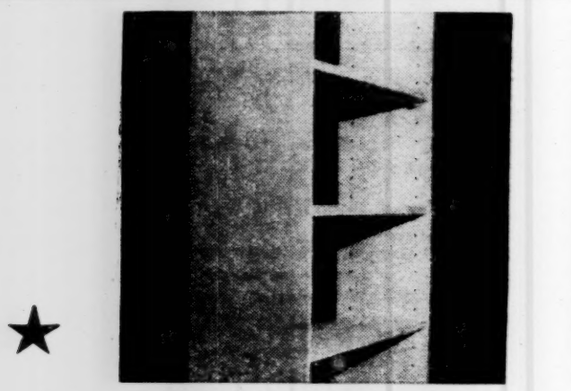
G. E. R. GEDYE

Authors' Club, London.

"THE ENGLISHMAN'S CASTLE"

SIR,—Having read with great interest Dr. Harry Roberts' glowing account of Kensal House and Mr. F. J. Osborn's equally fervent condemnation of the same scheme, I feel it is perhaps desirable to make an endeavour to reconcile these two views—or if reconciliation is too much to hope for, one can at least point out the *via media* which tries to strike a balance between controllable and relatively uncontrollable factors.

The crux of the matter would seem to be this: is it worth while expending all conceivable skill and ingenuity on making the best of something which is admittedly a second-best (a "detestable expedient," according to Mr. Osborn)? More particularly, is it



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worth while—is it justifiable—if the perfected second-best delays the advent of the best? These are serious and, in some ways, difficult questions. Throughout the length and breadth of the country there is probably not an architect, planner or housing reformer who would attempt to argue the superiority of flat development over house-and-garden development—certainly for families and family life; still more is the comparison clear if by house-and-garden development we mean something with more imagination than most industrial and municipal housing products. But, short of a wholesale "thinning-out" of London—decentralising industry as well as housing—flat development is a regrettable necessity for London; both the cost of land and the necessity for proximity to work demand it. Mr. Osborn will say, very rightly, "then do something about land costs and industrial location," and he and many others of us *are* trying to do something about them; but it is unfortunately a matter of time—a person, a group, a section cannot make radical alterations of this kind; they can only be brought about by an effective majority of the nation. I therefore term them "relatively uncontrollable factors," and this being the case it would seem to be no difficult matter to justify, up to the hilt, the care and labour and thought which has been expended on this block of flats built "on a disused gasworks site." Further, a moment's reflection will show that developments of this kind will not, in fact, delay the coming in due course of the ideal—such things do not stand in the way of a nation which has made up its mind.

May I, in conclusion, point out two factors which will perhaps help to give a better perspective to the housing picture. First, Kensal House is operated by a Housing Society, and these societies are carrying out a fine work in all parts of the country—by no means only in the direction of flat development; second, the National Federation of Housing Societies (the central organisation officially recognised by the Ministry of Health and the Department of Health for Scotland) has before it at the present time proposals for development on a big scale—the type of development which Mr. Osborn will wholeheartedly approve—designed to start the all-important process of "thinning-out" London.

13 Suffolk Street, RONALD CHAMBERLAIN
Pall Mall, London, S.W.1.

SIR,—To argue in terms of flats *or* cottages, at a density of 12 *or* 40 to the acre is surely out of date?

It is no more true that everybody wants or needs a house with a garden than it is true that blocks of tenements are the solution to urban housing problems. A large proportion of the inhabitants of London—as of other great cities—are single, childless or elderly persons, for whom flats with communal services are the most suitable and popular way of living. Cottages, on the other hand, are most suitable and most popular for family life, though the amount of garden which each tenant wishes to possess is different and should vary.

I strongly advocate the development of urban areas in estates composed of cottages *and* flats. Four- and five- roomed cottages with gardens averaging 35ft. long and adequate roads could be at a density of 30 to the acre, the number of persons (taking an average of 7 per dwelling) being 210 to the acre; density would naturally vary according to length of garden, width of frontage, etc. These cottages should be supplemented by one, two- and three- roomed flats, built seven or eight storeys high, with lifts which, as adults would be the main inhabitants, could be self-working; taking an average population of such small dwellings at 3 persons per dwelling, 70 flats could be built to the acre, for the same density of population to be housed as that in the cottage section of the estate.

Such flexible but compact development would, I claim, then allow ample space to be reserved in cities for parks, playgrounds, meeting places, shops and all the other needs of a community. The varying needs of humanity at different periods of their lives would be met with much greater satisfaction. Architecturally there would be much greater variety in the aspect of neighbourhoods, more rythmic design, better street planning, and much greater urbanity of living conditions. ELIZABETH DENBY

11 Princes Street,
Hanover Square, W.1.

"WHAT PRICE?"

SIR,—The systems of pricing goods and of rewarding assistants in the retail trade both call for the interest of the public.

Your correspondents, "G. & E.," in drawing attention to the pernicious system of sliding prices for the same garment point out that the incentive (or goad) for the assistant is the sliding rate of commission. If an assistant sells a dress for four guineas, she gets the rate of threepence in the pound; if she sells the same garment at a pound, she will get a penny in the pound. Customers will find coloured tags on these garments and these indicate to the assistant the lowest price which may be taken, but an assistant may—and is expected to do so—ask a very much higher price. Heaven help the unfortunate who only gets the lower price.

Equally pernicious is the system of premiums employed by certain firms. A buyer puts some symbol on the price ticket; this indicates to an assistant that if she sells this stock—usually obsolescent—she will receive, above the commission, another award from sixpence to half a crown. The premiums are correspondingly higher on fur coats or fur ties. Such a system does not encourage straight dealing and will, in the long run, defeat its own purpose. But in the meantime, customers are being badly treated and many an assistant loses the ideals which she brought to the firm.

Many changes must be brought about before this state of affairs can be improved; the public must learn how to shop and to recognise value; only those firms guaranteeing their selling policy and their personnel policy should be patronised; selling assistants should join their Trade Union which is so valiantly trying to raise the status and improve the working conditions of selling assistants; the system of selection and of training employees and their managers must be considerably improved, so that one can be proud of being a member of this fraternity.

PERSONNEL MANAGER

EUROPEAN JUNGLE

SIR,—Major Yeats-Brown is anxious "not to exacerbate the feelings of a race that has been abominably treated in various parts of the world, and wrote 'International Jewry' to make a distinction between the Jews who are first and foremost citizens of the land of their birth, and do not advocate violent or revolutionary changes in politics; and those others (to whom I referred) who are Communists, or who look forward to a world-order in which the Chosen Race will have a large share of dominion over mankind."

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Well, now we gather that "International Jewry" does not include that nasty band of hook-nosed capitalists which (according to some schools of anti-semitic thinking) are working as viciously to establish a world domination as the nasty Communists—are, in fact, working in actual collaboration with them. No. According to the Major, "International Jewry" consists exclusively of "revolutionary-minded Jews." Well, why does he use such a phrase as "International Jewry," master of language that he is, when he must realise the phrase suggests, and is intended to suggest, a separable community organised to work for its own ends? If he used such a phrase as "revolutionary-minded Jews," nobody would object. The phrase would then be analogous with "revolutionary-minded Celts" (using the word "Jews" in its racial sense) or "revolutionary-minded Methodists" (using the word "Jews" in its religious sense). And, of course, there are Jews with revolutionary minds, as there are Celts and Methodists with revolutionary minds. In terms of Communism, for instance, there are Jewish Stalinites and Jewish Trotskyites. They might even tend to cancel each other out . . . a thought which should give some comfort to the frightened Major.

Why on earth shouldn't those Jews who are made that way be allowed to have revolutionary minds? Jesus had a revolutionary mind. So had Newton. So had Cromwell. So had De Valera. Clearly the revolutionary mind is not in itself either a good thing or a bad thing. Its moral value is assessable only in terms of the goodness or badness of the conditions it wishes to supersede.

But what is this stuff about Jews "who look forward to a world-order in which the Chosen Race will have a large share of dominion over mankind"? Now the Major knows a lot more about Yogi than I do. On the other hand, I know a lot more about Jews than he does. And will he please take my absolute and final assurance that, apart from certifiable lunatics, there is not one single Jew in all the sixteen millions of Jews now living, who "looks forward to a large share of dominion over mankind"? Please, Major, don't ever let us hear such nonsense again.

LOUIS GOLDING

16 Hamilton Terrace, N.W.8.

WEDGWOOD CHINA

SIR,—May I be allowed to comment on a passage in Mr. Vining's interesting review of the New York World's Fair in your issue of June 10th, which refers to the Wedgwood exhibit as not containing "a single one of those excellent modern pieces designed by Keith Murray"?

We regret the absence as much as Mr. Vining. It was due not to our choice, but to the fact that the British pottery exhibit at the Fair was limited to translucent China and Stoneware, and Earthenware was excluded. It is of earthenware (which constitutes the bulk of our production to-day as in the past) that the designs of Keith Murray and Eric Ravilious have been made.

JOSIAH WEDGWOOD,
Managing Director.

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FINNEGAN'S WAKE

SIR,—I was interested to observe Mr. Desmond McCarthy's letter some weeks ago in your correspondence column *re* James Joyce's *Finnegan's Wake* reviewed by Mr. G. W. Stonier the preceding week. For it shows that, in spite of the militant hordes of propaganda that pour in through reviews, poetry broadcasts, novels, the real difference between the approach to literature of the young generation and of that immediately preceding it is that the former read rather for the pleasure of *reading* what is in front of them than for just finding out, by a process in which the eye alone is used to traverse the well-worn symbols, what one particular book is about and how it relates after immediate impression to books previously read. Mr. Stonier's answer seems to illustrate this decision. While growing up we (the loosely termed present generation) read, as one could say, in a haphazard manner. I cannot find a better word, though I do not wish to infer that the reading was lazy or did not employ full concentration of faculties—but in chunks, lumps and odd-shaped pieces. Only a certain period of time can knit such a loose literary education together. One will (one does) look back over a period of ten or fifteen years, and then, perhaps, one sees a pattern taking shape into which the paragraphs, and proper names and emotions and semi-colons are fitting together as the bits of a jig-saw. There were the anthologies, the leading articles, selections of stories, magazines, reviews, wireless talks on literary matters, articles that sent one scurrying to some neglected corner of the book-world, books picked up and half-read—and fully delighted in—upon the shelves of shops, re-read and fully digested years later in some house where, as though haunting, they appeared again. Phrases there were about some (to oneself) unknown author which suddenly confronted with the "collected works," after years of wandering drifted to harbour. Most of these things may in small degree have been possible for our elders, but one sees how small when one compares their limited stock of authors "read" with the downpour of books and books about books which has since happened and obliterated the well-defined margins of what "is" and what "is not" read by literary people. Pre-war generations of literati explored the *terra cognita* of literature with maps, as it were, even if they were not always unerringly charted maps. The post-war on the whole found it easier to explore it without maps—perhaps because they were not very accurate map readers.

This is the point I have been struggling to arrive at that *Ulysses* and its successor can only make their real appeal to those (of any generation if they be so) who in their youth opened a book, unsure what they were going to see in front of them, unprejudiced by important names, uncertain how much they would have to take for granted how far extend their imagination.

To myself, anyhow, many books that now fill so important a part in my life were a great deal unintelligible to me on my first reading. This is particularly true of poetry in foreign languages. But the primary fact is that I do not like them, on my thirtieth or fortieth reading, one whit the more (or less) than I did that first time when they dropped by accident into my hand. It has sometimes taken a long time, but I would not have persevered had they not *to the full* communicated their delight before their understanding. This attitude arrived from a love of language and the intricacy of language with no planned literary approach to base my reading on and lacking perhaps the natural curiosity to read for information. I am very far from being alone in this among those who have not reached the half-way line. I never read *Ulysses*, but *Finnegan's Wake* is no new experience. Like Mr. Stonier I have by no means read it all, so as yet have not fully apprehended the pattern. I shall read it many times, but I hope I shall always value it as much as I did when I chanced on that amazing passage—quoted by Mr. Stonier—describing the windings of the River Liffey. I have lived a great deal in the upper reaches of the river and that glucose slither of words reports it for me as the prose of Addison and John Ruskin would never have done had they been on their mettle.

PERCY BLACKER

Castle Martin, The Curragh, Ireland.

EARNINGS OF DOMESTIC SERVANTS

SIR,—There is a gap in official information about wages, in that there are no published details of the wages of domestic servants. For the investigation on National Income, which I am directing for the National Institute of Economic and Social Research, it is necessary to make some estimate for this very numerous class of workers, and the only method available is that of sporadic inquiry.

I should be very much obliged to any of your readers who would send me a statement of the wages usually paid in their neighbourhood to resident and to occasional servants. The conditions and hours of work should be given, and some indication of age. For example, in one district adult resident maids are paid £1 weekly, while charwomen receive 2s. 6d. per half-day or 10d. per hour.

Communications should be addressed to H. S. Booker, School of Economics, Houghton Street, W.C.2.

A. L. BOWLEY

The National Institute of Economic and Social Research,
32 Gordon Square, W.C.2.

BISHOP LIGHTFOOT

SIR,—Mr. David Garnett's strictures on Bishop Lightfoot in his review of Mr. Stanley Casson's "The Discovery of Man," in your issue of June 17th are quite unwarranted. The statement that "Man was created by the Trinity on October 23rd, 4004 B.C." is said by Mr. Casson, in the course of his discussion of the sixteenth century (p. 158), to have been made by Dr. Lightfoot, Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge University "later in the same century." The reference is presumably to John Lightfoot (1602–1675) who was Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge in 1654. John Barber Lightfoot (1828–1889) became Bishop of Durham in 1879 and was never Vice-Chancellor of his University. He is clearly not the man referred to by Mr. Casson.

H. CLAYTON

Heath Ridge, Graffham Common, Sussex.

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Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

The Handbook of British Birds by H. F. Witherby, F. C. R. Jourdain, N. F. Ticehurst and B. W. Tucker (Witherby, 5 vols., 5 *gns.*), volume 3 of which has been published this week, will be the best of all books on British Birds. Not only is it a really scientific work, containing all the latest work on migration, etc., but it has the great merit of being not the work of one, or even of four men, but of embodying the observations of hundreds of careful naturalists. The present volume treats of the Hawks, Herons, Swans, Geese and Ducks and is the most attractive of the volumes so far produced. Besides the meticulously exact coloured plates which show the plumage of the male, female and juvenile of each species, there are a number of supplementary illustrations and diagrams for the hawks which enable one to distinguish them in the air. With the Red-footed Falcon, a little hawk which only visits England as a rare vagrant, I became well acquainted in my thirteenth year :

> Shows a strong sociable tendency, but is dependent on the nests of other species for sites and does not build. Rookeries are occupied by great numbers of pairs after the young Rooks have flown, and when unfavourable conditions make the Rooks late, the Falcons are forced to wait for them.

This passage threw a flood of light on the birds at Alexandrovka, in the Tambov Province, and brought them vividly back to my mind. The rookery was in a tangled old park adjacent to the neat log cabin in which my mother and I slept. My mother was ill. I played near, watching the birds. Though it was late June or early July, the young rooks had not flown, and round their nests the fierce little falcons swarmed angrily. The males were black, the females had light grey barred backs and tails and spotted tawny breasts ; both sexes had coral red legs and feet. I thought they were stealing the young rooks ; difficult to believe, as the falcon is no bigger than a missel-thrush. I was never tired of watching them : one day one of my friends among the peasant boys set a circle of horsehair nooses round one of the nests and came down with a female Kobcheek he had snared. She was dead but still warm when he slid down the smooth stem of the tall white birch tree. I exulted and grieved over her limp beauty and stroked the feathers passionately. When I went into the dark little room where my mother was lying, I hid her. The old grey-haired doctor had prescribed hot milk of almonds. I was frightened that my mother would die ; my heart was almost broken because the dead Kobcheek decayed before I could skin it.

* * *

Ten years ago I stayed for a couple of days at Wells-next-the-Sea in Norfolk in late October. One afternoon when the tide was some miles out one of the party pointed and said : " What on earth is that white spot ? " I focused my field glasses and far out on the sands, close to the heaped up line of the sea, was a bent body : the unmistakable colour of human nakedness. " A boy bathing ! Out there in this weather," I exclaimed, though neither head nor arms were visible—only the bent body —a backside perhaps. Next moment an incredible thin curved neck was lifted from the sands. The big head and bill looked like a woman's slipper, upside down. " A flamingo ! " The thrill was physical ; was astonishing. Probably it had escaped from captivity, but rare vagrants are known in England. I saw the wild Bewick's Swan in Ireland once, and again on Bury Fen. Large numbers visited England last winter. They are smaller and much shyer birds than our Mute Swan, and hold their necks stiffly erect when swimming. From *The Handbook* I learn a most valuable tip to tell swans apart when they are flying—for it is only the common Mute Swan, which has " wing music . . . with a singing metallic throb . . . audible over a mile." From the Swans we pass to the Geese, which are represented by magnificent coloured plates from paintings by Peter Scott. To see wild geese I went somewhere near Holbeach last January. We got up in the dark a couple of hours before dawn, drove along narrow causeway roads in the dark : the setter bitch sitting in the back seat leaned forward to rest her chin on my shoulder ; loving me because I held a gun in my hands. On the edge of the bombing range we separated : Terence crawled out over the mud-flats channelled with gulleys through which the tide was ebbing. He had thigh boots. I stayed on the sea wall and ambushed myself near a small bush. It was very cold. I handled my gun carefully, knowing I would not shoot at a wild goose, since I dislike the notion of wounding birds and letting them get away. It got light enough to see the bombing targets, beyond which Terence was crawling in the mud. On the other side the potato fields stretched perfectly flat for miles. The geese sleep on sandbanks and mudflats and fly over at dawn to search the fields for frost-bitten potatoes, scavenging man's waste. Suddenly I heard them coming, talking to each other in the sky : the sound rather like a pack of hounds working together, but less excited and more conversational in tone. Then I saw them—very high up already, well out of range, a wide formation of great birds coming fast. It was easy to think of them as aeroplanes. Perhaps there were fifty in that party. For the next hour they kept coming over in parties numbering from twenty to more than a hundred birds. Only one was low and came directly over me. I slipped the safety catch back and aimed at a leading bird, but I did not pull the trigger. They were flying very fast and the odds were great that I should only wound a bird and force it to live alone as " a Charley " until it died or recovered strength to fly with the flock. Anyway I did not want to shoot a wild goose. I liked having the gun. As it got lighter I could see each skein of geese whirling down and round spilling out of the sky into the distant fields, like a flying serpent winding itself out of the sky on to the earth. Terence came back at last, having seen some birds close on a sandbank, but without getting a shot at them. In the late evening we stood on the sea wall and watched the geese going out to sea again. There must have been four or five thousand of them. *The Handbook* says that this, the Pink-footed Goose, has increased during the last forty years. Michael Bratby has written an attractive book called *Grey Goose* (Bles, 12*s.* 6*d.*) about punt-gunning for geese and other wild fowl in the Wash, or Westmorland, and elsewhere. A gun-punt is very low in the water and looks so small head-on that it is sometimes possible to approach a flock of wild fowl resting on the water, unobserved. The big gun is then aimed and a lot of birds may be killed with one shot. But like almost all sports there are dozens of disappointments for every kill. Most of the time is spent in pushing or paddling the punt over mud and water in bitterly cold weather. *Outlaw of the Air*, by Leslie Brown (Bles, 8*s.* 6*d.*), is an " animal biography " of a Great Skua, the bird which preys on gulls and which will dive within a few feet of you, if you visit its breeding ground on the Isle of Noss, in Shetland. Not so long ago one of these birds killed a shepherd's dog. The Great Skua looks like the Greek idea of a siren : it is a sort of eagle with webbed feet. What makes it peculiarly sinister are the light patches in its dark brown wings—like the spots on the wings of a bloodsucking fly. *Outlaw of the Air* follows facts closely enough but, like all animal biographies, is full of anthropomorphic nonsense :

> The blood filled his mouth, waking in him feelings he had never before experienced, so that he struck and struck again, savagely exulting.

To attribute all the beastliness of human emotions and consciousness to birds and animals seems odd. Surely the pleasure one takes in them is because of their extreme difference from man.

Birds, by Gayle Pickwell (McGraw-Hill, 15*s.*), has good popular letterpress and good photographs of American birds. The black-and-white illustrations are poor.

DAVID GARNETT

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NEW NOVELS

Adventures of a Young Man. By JOHN DOS PASSOS. *Constable.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Child of Misfortune. By C. DAY LEWIS. *Cape.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

The Queer Fellow. By JOHN BROPHY. *Collins.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Double Entry. By CONSTANCE RUTHERFORD. *Heinemann.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Superficially, *Adventures of a Young Man* is very similar to its author's previous novels. Young, toughish, idealistic Glenn, thrown out into the storm-water of capitalism; the pointless chance encounters with their significant undercurrents; the confused violence and treachery of the American class-war; and the vivid, tough-looking, staccato-sounding style are familiar enough to readers of *U.S.A.* There is, however, a very important development. In the earlier books the theme is the helplessness of the individual as such; the downtrodden and the down-treaders, the strikers, the bosses, the drunkards and all the rest are equally the puzzled instruments of vast social forces. The villain is the system itself. Here, there is a change; instead of an inferno we have a Pilgrim's Progress. Glenn is not whirled blindly through chaos, but seeks the truth as doggedly as Christian, and the enemies who beset him are as clear-cut and single-minded as figures in allegory. He is tricked by Captain Corruption and beaten by Boss Brutality, the will-o'-the-wisp tempts him into the marshes of Libido, and Giant Ideology imprisons him in the Castle of Inhumanity. His best friend melts into Mr. Enlightened Selfinterest, and Comrade Facing All-ways sits at the head of the Party plenum. Before long his burden of ideals has become much too heavy for him to bear, and the arrival of Apollyon must be almost a relief. Mr. Dos Passos does not make the identity of the Celestial City absolutely clear, but I suspect it to have been anarcho-syndicalist Barcelona.

Glenn's adventures are well adapted to point social morals, and his pilgrimage leads him through most of the ivory penthouses favoured by middle-class intellectuals. He works in a youth camp under a snobbish and grasping pantheist; he explores free love with the artists, hygienic love with the Freudians and earthy passion with a constant nymph of the coal mines; he is sickened by the rich liberal upholders of civil liberty, revolted by the ruthless stupidity of the Communists, and betrayed by the careless opportunism of his friends. He organises a strike amongst the simple, God-fearing miners of the Appalachian Mountains, is forced to betray them for the sake of the Party Line, joins the International Column, and is judicially murdered as a Trotskyist traitor. In a way, Mr. Dos Passos is as puzzled as poor Glenn. His is the fastidious and Utopian radicalism that still survives among the more intelligent of the professional classes, and is neatly expressed in Mr. Mencken's dictum that "every decent man is ashamed of the Government he lives under." Mr. Dos Passos is in the unhappy position of hating the enemy for his intolerance, distrusting his friends for their incompetence and despising the neutrals for their neutrality. He knows that justice is no more use against a gun than reason is against a loud-speaker, but realises that to adopt the methods of the enemy is to become one with him. Glenn was killed before he found the answer; let us hope that the next book of Mr. Dos Passos's projected series will help to supply it.

By contrast with Dos Passos, Mr. Day Lewis's tale of two sensitive brothers is almost shockingly escapist. From the pleasantly mannered beginning, when the two boys and their noble mother pose on the lawn before a family photographer, to the indecisive end when Oliver, now an influential churchman, mourns Arthur's death and fights out the latest of his spirito-emotional skirmishes with himself, we never leave a society economically, physically, emotionally and even intellectually leisured. *Child of Misfortune* is an Edwardian period piece, and the plot is that of an inconclusive family saga. We see odd Arthur and clever Oliver as children, sharing little fantasies together and possessed by feelings so fragile and important that they quite intimidate one out of parenthood. We follow the pair to the University, watch them obey their respective calls to the Slade and the Church, and follow them ever upwards until Arthur is a world-famous cartoonist ("in the background Italian aeroplanes were bombing an Abyssinian village. The foreground was occupied by Stanley Baldwin . . . refusing a sword inscribed 'Oil Sanctions' offered to him by a classically draped female figure"), and Oliver speaks against Fascism at the Queen's Hall. Mr. Day Lewis carefully follows their progress and pauses at every significant milestone with the conscientiousness of a scenario-writer, yet somehow the vital stage is missing. As children the pair are remarkable, and trail their clouds of glory with verve and conviction; in their apotheoses they are simply rather boring, rather colourless, quite uninteresting good citizens. What was clearly intended to be a spiritual odyssey has turned into a success story. The merit of the early part of the novel is its completeness. The children's life is described in terms of its whole world—the visits to relations, the country holidays, all the terrors and ambitions of sensitive childhood—and is wholly convincing because it is wholly inclusive. As adults, however, they are shown in a spiritual isolation, and we are told practically nothing of their business, social, sexual and economic problems or relationships. Childhood is largely self-contained; adult life is not, and in attempting to treat it so Mr. Day Lewis has made it nearly meaningless. The passing references to Fascism, war, etc., presumably intended to relate the brothers to the outside world, merely emphasise their hopeless semi-detachment. Arthur and Oliver have the same ideals as Glenn, but Glenn at least found out what he was up against. All the same, Mr. Day Lewis writes exceptionally well, with the contemporary poet's faculty for the surprising image:

> The whole sea was moving in against the land, rank after rank with brutal persistence. The low clouds raced it, as if they were the reflections of its waves in the dim pewter sky, and the wind whipped it on. Southward, the dunes crouched like terrified cats, the grass laid back flat on their heads. The children could hear more clearly now the rasp and sigh of the waves as they clawed at the steep pebbly beach . . . spray hissed against their window; they might have been on a ship.

All the best things in *Child of Misfortune* are set-pieces—even the humour is concentrated in two pages of excellent parody. Mr. Day Lewis is a subtle and sensitive explorer of emotional by-ways; it is a pity he has not ventured out on to the noisy high-roads of our present discontents.

The Queer Fellow is Mr. Brophy's first collection of short stories—thirty-seven of them. There are stories about sadistic vegetarians, funny little incidents about Anglo-Egyptians, rather Barriesque ones beginning, "When Enoch Aptonthwaite entered on his seventieth year (the last of his allotted span, he told himself),"

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and dialect ones about Black Micky and the potheen. All are pleasantly written, and all are short stories, not condensed novels or expanded anecdotes. The title story, which might be the queerest of the lot, is indicated only in the foreword, for the Queer Fellow is Mr. Brophy's inspiration and that (like Shakespeare's) has never been seen by mortal eyes. "I put my name to the Queer Fellow's work when it is finished, but the truth is I have no more knowledge of him than intermittent glimpses of his shadow as he passes," writes Mr. Brophy. "It is not I, but the Queer Fellow." Now this puts the critic in a very difficult position. The Curious Chap who sometimes tries to write these reviews never gets farther than the galley proofs, and the conscious self is rather at a loss when it tries to criticise a daemon. Even Mr. Brophy cannot assess his own work, for "the Queer Fellow whisks away at the first peep of self-consciousness or reasoning." One can only congratulate him on having a Familiar so versatile and unfailingly competent.

Double Entry is an ydorap—that is, the inverted form of parody in which the ludicrous is treated seriously, instead of the serious being imitated humorously. Miss Rutherford ydoraps *When Knights Were Bold*, and instead of that old Christmas favourite produces a very solemn story about a young woman who is continually reliving in trances a passionate drama of a highly romantic fourteenth century. Her horrid archaeologist husband encourages this for the sake of his boring researches, and it really serves him right when she uses her psychic gifts to discover what a bully he was as a boy, and stabs him with a fourteenth-century dagger. Fortunately, a handsome young agricultural scientist happens to be passing the house at the time, takes the blame for the murder and is acquitted by a complacent French jury so that he can marry the widow. None of the characters manage to be in the least convincing, and the whole hotch-potch is supported by a misreading of Dunne. In the ordinary way, such a novel is best ignored, but unhappily Miss Rutherford is a most promising writer whose first book—*The Forgotten Terror*—showed both sensibility and imagination. Both these qualities are present in *Double Entry*, but find so lush and uncontrolled an expression that the story would have been better for their absence. Miss Rutherford's first book was worth taking seriously; I hope her third will enable us to forget the second. JOHN MAIR

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THE NAZIS AND CHRISTIANITY

National Socialism and the Roman Catholic Church. By NATHANIEL MICKLEM. *Oxford University Press.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Nazism *versus* Christianity. By MARIO BENDISCIOLI. Translated by GERALD GRIFFIN. *Skeffington.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

I remember reading an article in the *Evening Standard* not long ago in which Dr. Inge argued that the Nazis rejected Christianity because they did not understand it. It would be interesting to know whether Dr. Inge would still hold that view after reading the illuminating books named at the head of this review. One of them is written by the Principal of Mansfield College. It was a great piece of good fortune for the Institute of International Affairs that the first of the studies which it announces on this subject should have been undertaken by so distinguished and conscientious a scholar. The other is by an Italian Catholic. Dr. Micklem's book gives a fuller and more intensive treatment; it is, in fact, a remarkably thorough piece of work, the result of close scrutiny of all the available material. Of the cause and character of the Nazi quarrel with Christianity these two writers, one Protestant, the other Catholic, both give the same account. And that account suggests that the quarrel is not due to Nazi ignorance of Christianity. It shows that the Nazis understand Christianity and dislike it just because they understand it.

Christianity has often made enemies by its support of authority and vested interests. Streeter, in an article in the book, *The Spirit*, published twenty years ago, gave an interesting account of the historical background of the conservative habit of mind in the Church. He argued that if the Jews had accepted Christ the Jewish nation would have been to the Graeco-Roman Empire what the Christian nations of Europe have been to the non-Christian world in recent times. As the Jews rejected Christ, the position of the Gentile Churches in the Roman Empire was similar to that in which Christian missions in India or China would have found themselves if they had been completely cut off from European and Christian Churches within thirty years of their first foundation. In this world, surrounded by Greek, Roman and Oriental ways of thought, at once good and bad influences, the Church saved itself from a fatal dilution "by always looking back." Then came the period in which the Church had to undertake the great work of reconstruction after the fifth century, saving and conserving the civilisation of Western Europe after the invasion, and the collapse of the authority of the Empire. These historical influences helped to reinforce the conservatism natural to all great organisations, and to emphasise the contrast that was so often noted between the spirit of the Churches and the spirit of the New Testament. Of the position of modern Christianity in the modern world Streeter could write twenty years ago: "Throughout Europe organised Christianity is regarded by reformers as the champion of the obsolete, whether politically, socially or intellectually. In France, Italy and Austria the Roman Church has been the bulwark of reaction whether in politics or education. In Russia, Orthodoxy and Autocracy were the pillars of the old regime. In Prussia, Christianity was openly claimed by the Kaiser as his ally against democracy. And in England, not the most enthusiastic sons and daughters of the Church of which, in spite of all its failures, I am proud to call myself a member, can claim that it is usually to be found in the van of progress." In the furious war which broke out in those days between a Church which demanded too much power and a State which had lost all sense of tolerance, Viviani made the famous speech in the French Chamber that has often been quoted. "We have extinguished the lights of Heaven, lights which shall never again be relit." Viviani represented the revolt of the Continental Socialist against what Edward Caird, in his essay on Dante called the use of Christianity as "an anodyne to reconcile men to the injustices under which they are suffering, rather than as a call to change the institutions which caused such evils." In the same spirit Babel said, "We leave the sky to the sparrows."

The Nazi revolution has thrown Christianity into a very different quarrel. Fundamentally this quarrel is deeper. For both these books make it clear that the Nazi revolt is against the fundamental truths of Christianity and not merely against the political influence of ecclesiastical authorities. "Christianity," said Acton, "rejoices in the mixture of races, as paganism identifies itself with their differences." Dr. Micklem sums up the quarrel in a sentence: "Christianity and Racialism stand opposed as two religions."

Signor Bendiscioli shows that Rosenberg attacks Christianity as he attacks the Roman Empire, for its comprehensiveness and tolerance. "Even worse than pure-blooded Judaism, in his view,

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is the intermingling of races and culture brought about by Christianity. This started with the Roman Empire, and was developed by the policy of the medieval Church as a result of its universalism which did not recognise any distinction between Hebrew and Greeks." Dr. Micklem quotes an article published in two of the Nazi party organs giving the "philosophical basis of the National Socialist Programme" which makes one of its complaints against Christianity that it "preaches the equality of every being that wears the face of a man." The introduction of this religion, it is argued, was a great misfortune for Germany, causing a great loss of good Nordic blood, and confusing the true ethical and religious values which are based on the ancient history of the race. For blood and race represent a complete spiritual world. These alien elements must be eliminated "in the spring tide of the revival of the German consciousness." "If there is a Heaven, the way to that Heaven is only by Germany. Whoever sets any service above the service of the People, is guilty of idolatry."

Of the prospect of this struggle in Germany nobody can speak with confidence. Both these writers are hopeful. "*Nubicula est; transibit*," says Dr. Micklem. Signor Bendiscioli suggests that this new religion may last no longer than the worship of the Goddess of Reason in the French Revolution. But that was a thin and colourless religion in comparison with the religion of the God of the German race and it had behind it nothing of the binding force of this new system of education which directs all the energy of the State to one purpose. "We begin with the child when he is three years old; as soon as he begins to think, he gets a little flag put into his hand. And the worship of the Goddess of Reason was little more than theatrical pedantry, but the worship of the State as an absolute is a religion not uncongenial to the German mind or to German tradition. Heine, more than a century ago, predicted that Germany would one day renounce Christianity.

This "wild, enthusiastick thing," to quote Burke's phrase about the French Revolution has thrown Christian civilisation on the defensive. Both these books show that a common danger has brought Catholics and Protestants in Germany nearer to each other. But the Christian spirit that is attacked is the inheritance of Europe. It is, indeed, all that Europe derives from its Christian past, and from the Graeco-Roman culture to which Christianity gave a new significance and unity. This truth was urged in a noble speech at Paris a few months ago by Cardinal Verdier, who said that the three things Europe most needed at this moment were "God," "liberty" and "fraternity." Ever since Clovis, he argued, the Church had taught the great Christian truths of the dignity of the human person and the equality of all races under the Fatherhood of God. Cardinal Verdier was bitterly attacked both by Nazis and Fascists for summoning France to the defence of these ideas; ideas for which he justly claimed a Christian origin, but yet ideas that have been served with zeal and self-sacrifice by Frenchmen to whom the Church seemed the enemy of human freedom. For the history of Christianity is the history of institutions as well as of ideas, and there have been conflicts, as a good Catholic like Acton pointed out, in which Christian ideas were upheld not by the men defending Christian institutions, but by the men attacking them.

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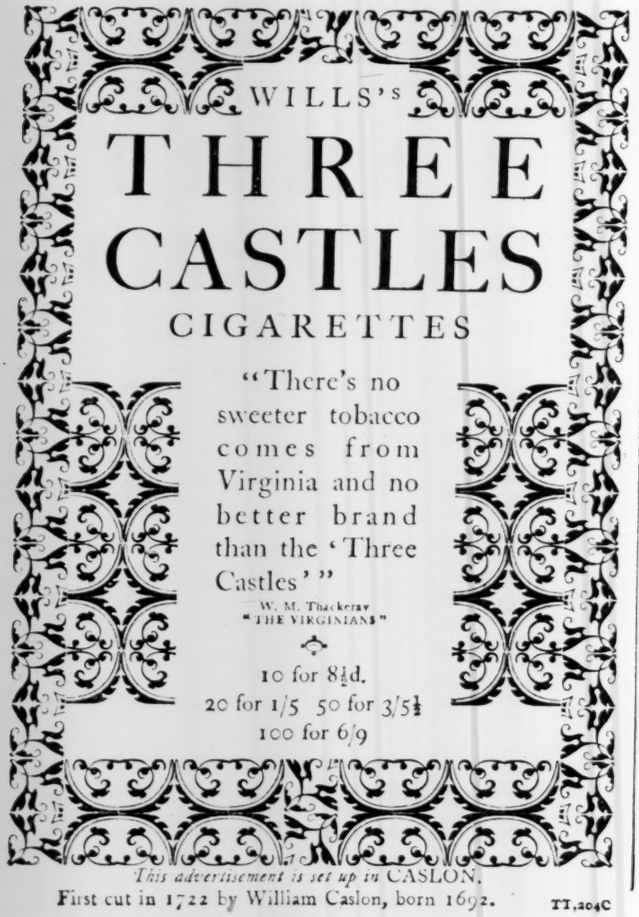
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This book reinforces the impression, made by her novels, that Stella Benson was the possessor of a most distinguished nature. What we now learn of her life adds the corollary that she had a fine intellect. This was a point that needed bringing out, in view of the general impression that she was a light-weight writer. In life the development showed itself in her progress from the brilliantly intelligent girl, avid of experience, friendship and new contacts, to the deeply serious (but never solemn) woman, determined—in spite of chronic ill-health—to make a success of her married life and the responsibilities alike of authorship and of the wife of an official in China. In her books, the same quality emerged in an increased desire for "objectivity"—for seeing life whole and not merely as a mirror of fantasies.

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CASSELL

And Mr. Ellis Roberts resumes, on an earlier page :—

> It was the strain on her spirit, the sheer exhaustion caused by the pressure of an exacting and uncongenial society, by the terrible stuffiness of life in the great open spaces : it was that which often exasperated her—not beyond words.

"Not beyond words" : there is the saving clause. Stella Benson used two kinds of words : those that formed the material of her art, and those which, embodying a Home Office report, were instrumental in abating child-prostitution in Hong Kong. For she had never been content to be a mere onlooker, and her early experiences as a Social Worker in Hoxton (here most amusingly described) prepared her for her later campaign. How courageous and thorough that was, we already knew ; what few of us realised was the excessive pain caused her by the hostility her action aroused in people of whose inferiority to herself she was well aware. Here we have one of the most important and interesting features of a most endearing character : its diffidence ("I took her to the P.E.N. club dinner in April, and she was extraordinarily pleased at being put on John Galsworthy's right hand, and genuinely flattered by his references to her work"). For there is always something touching about perfect integrity : it is so vulnerable. Though beloved by all who knew her, Stella Benson seems to have been constantly plunged into abysses of melancholy self-abasement by the smallest rebuff, however insignificant the person who administered it. This over-valuation of her power to charm was no doubt due to awareness of the peculiar pathos of her situation. At the same time as she felt self-pity, she despised herself for so doing. This is the hidden theme of all her early books ; in *Goodbye, Stranger* she got rid of it for ever, together with the rather woolly supernaturalism which had formed the scaffolding of *This is the End* and *Living Alone*. Her two last novels profited by a more robust metaphysic, and the dwarf, Francis, in *Mundos*, is his creator's resolution of the problem of Pity.

Those who have been deceived by life, finally know it best. Stella Benson ended by knowing life ("it is not that I don't think I'm a fine feller—it is that I trust nobody now except myself to tell me so"), and the knowledge killed her, because she had to assimilate it too quickly and too late. Caught in the dilemma of the artist who wants also not to be an egotist, she could not for long stand the strain of the dreadful dichotomy which, because she was a woman—albiet a feminist—tugged at her with peculiar force. "Art is a function of an integral personality," urges Mr. Ellis Roberts. I believe this to be a cardinal error. Were Shakespeare or Beethoven "integral personalities"? All that we know of them denies it, and the very poignancy of the Sonnets and the C sharp minor Quartet clearly proceeds from that sense of the incomplete soul which *understands* better than the complete one, just because—as the word implies—one half of it stands aside from the other. Stella Benson was a minor artist, but she was in this and every other sense a true one. Her vision was sharp, humorous, feminine, and deeply original ; her values were those of the humanist. Thus it is not a mere chance that her villains are those of Mr. E. M. Forster : Captain Delaville, in *Mundos*, is a relation of the Wilcox family, and Jacob Heming, of *Pipers and a Dancer*, would have shared a study with Gerald Dawes of *The Longest Journey*. They are people in whom insensitiveness can at any moment issue in cruelty ; their fault is that, as she put it, they are "so seriously on their own side."

Stella Benson's novels show a steady improvement, right up to the end. The breaking-off of *Mundos* is one of the minor tragedies of our literature, for that book is not only a first-rate novel, it is the perfect modern fantasy. The old supernatural world —of princes and princesses, witches, changelings and elves—has long since ceased to provide a living mythology for us, and the word *fairy* survives mainly in a ribald sense, to mean one in whom the ordinary instincts of love have gone astray. Strangely enough, Stella Benson meant something not unlike this by her use of the word : it was the sense of being somehow a stranger to humanity that haunted so many years of her life and produced the kind of fantasy displayed in *This is the End*, *Living Alone*, and *Goodbye, Stranger*. In spite of their wit and beauty, these books are hardly successes : they were written too late, in a war-embittered world which had learnt too much about the soul to be satisfied any longer with the mythology of Grimm and *Der blonde Eckbert*. The winsomeness and occasional arch insincerity which Stella Benson's early books do not entirely avoid, are symptoms of that kind of half-belief which reached its gruesome apogee in J. M. Barrie and finds a belated echo in the last chapter of Mr. Ellis Roberts's book. The author of *Undine* squarely took his world for granted ; those of *Peter Pan* and of *Living Alone* whisper "Let's pretend!"

with lifted forefinger and roguish glance. But gradually Stella Benson worked her way out of all this, into a new and right path: perhaps it required genius to do this. *The Poor Man* and *Pipers and a Dancer* were the first steps. *Tobit Transplanted*, entrancing as it is, still suffers from the original story's being at some points *foisted* on the modern plot; the actual magic seems otiose, when we have been told so much about the characters; they could have done without it. But at the time of her death she had at last discovered a real twentieth-century mythology, and in *Mundos* she was to have done for England what Alain Fournier did for France.

Higher praise it would be hard to give, and it is greatly to Mr. Ellis Roberts's credit that he has been able to recreate the living presence of a novelist whose work is gradually emerging above that of some who, during her lifetime, were reckoned of greater importance.

EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

FIRST PERSON

Days of Our Years. By PIERRE VAN PAASSEN. *Heinemann.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

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Blubber Ship. By NIAL O'MALLEY KEYES. *Harrap.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

This is the heyday of the first person singular. Why? Is it just that the parrot house has become more talkative; or is it an aspect of the enormous, awakened curiosity of our time, the only way, in our increasingly specialised, short-circuited lives, in which the clerk can get to know the explorer, and the taxi-driver hear about the clerk? The personal documentaries of the journalists are especially in demand. A generation back a journalist like Mr. Pierre Van Paassen simply sent his despatches—despatches which were, I think, more individual if less lipsticked than the foreign correspondence of to-day—but now he writes a book. And the book is not about post-war Europe only, from Briand to Haile Selassie; it goes over his childhood, his youth, his domestic affairs as well. The modern journalist sees himself as part of the news. This is the inevitable reaction to the monotonous specialisation of propaganda; are there only causes? Are there no human beings? The enormous prestige of the Gunthers, Vincent Sheeans, Douglas Reeds, Gedyes, is due to the fact that their books get behind the newspaper façade. The real newspapers of to-day are books.

Brought up in a fanatically sectarian Dutch village and intended for the Lutheran ministry, Mr. Van Paassen came into touch with local socialism and the passive resistance ideas of de Ligt. He was torn up from that by the war when he joined the Canadian Army—he had been proselytising in Canada—and when he got out alive, he went by accident into journalism. An American paper sent him to Europe in search of tripe and soon he was faking interviews with film stars, and writing the usual stuff. "Go Rome," the office cabled. "Ask Pope to call this office on golden telephone." Mr. Van Paassen capped it: "Please ask Coolidge to come to your office and make the call." But Mr. Van Paassen had other interests. He was present at all the German-dishing conferences of the 'twenties; he investigated the French mutinies during the war; he got a celebrated interview with Marshall Lyautey who told him that if he had been Pilate he would have had Jesus shot at once and said that if St. Paul had not tamed Christianity and Jesus had not been removed in time, the French would not be in Morocco to-day nor the British in India. Mr. Van Paassen was all over Europe. He was even knocked out in Dachau on an "atrocity" charge. Then he was on an expedition to Lake Chad and saw the whole of the Abyssinian war.

It is hard to place Mr. Van Paassen. He is a revolutionary but not a Marxist, nor, I gather, an anarchist. Actually his moral and sensational indignations, which are married to something between glibness and the savagery of *Candide*, is really the intransigeance of a religious mind torn up by the roots and left raw and cynical. In Abyssinia he has an evangelical eye for the works of darkness. Is it true that the Italians are systematically sterilising the Abyssinians? The political stuff of the 'twenties has a good many echoes—we all know that one about Mussolini's lion cub having its teeth drawn—but the war narrative is admirably selected and with a purpose. His pacifism has led him to an interesting account of the mutinies of 1917 and 1918. Whole regiments were decimated because of the fear of revolutionary infection, as is well known; here are some of the details. They

HARRAP BOOK NOTES

An American Pepys

From the time he landed in France in 1789 till the execution of Louis XVI in 1793, GOUVERNEUR MORRIS (appointed American Minister in 1792) kept a careful diary. This *Diary of the French Revolution* is now for the first time published complete, edited by his great-granddaughter Beatrix Cary Davenport (2 vols., 42*s.* net). "Not only does it give a fuller picture of the world-shaking events of 150 years ago, but it reveals to us the real Gouverneur Morris—own brother to Pepys in political perception, in literary style and in gallantry," said J. B. Firth in a *Daily Telegraph* leader-page article. Morris describes with equal meticulousness the murders in the Paris streets and his affair with Talleyrand's mistress the Comtesse de Flahaut. One of his five visits to England was on a secret mission to Pitt on behalf of George Washington, and he gives us some entertaining pages about his impressions of London. The MS. of the diary has survived many adventures, and after being kept in a Herefordshire country-house for the first quarter of the present century it has gone back to America into the keeping of the Library of Congress. Numerous erasures, long believed to have been made by his widow, have been subjected to chemical examination, which has proved that in most cases Morris was his own censor. Some of the inked-out passages have now been restored to the text.

A useful source-book for students of this period is *The French Revolution as Told by Contemporaries* (edited by E. L. Higgins, 10*s.* 6*d.* net)—a mosaic of short selections taken from diaries, memoirs, etc., of the time.

British Journalists Abroad

In *Foreign Correspondent*, edited by Wilfrid Hindle (10*s.* 6*d.* net), twelve distinguished British journalists—representing *The Times*, *Daily Telegraph*, *News Chronicle*, *Daily Herald*, *Daily Express*, *Daily Mail*, *Manchester Guardian*, and *Yorkshire Post*—tell of their adventures in search of the news. Here is the list:

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LINDSAY DRUMMOND

suggest, as the subject becomes more and more topical, that a book on the war-time mutinies would be valuable.

There are two doctors, both Americans. Dr. Frederic Loomis is one of the earnest kind and Dr. Wm. E. Aughinbaugh is tough and, on the whole, that is how I prefer my doctors. Dr. Loomis is concerned with his women patients. There was the lady who, being told she had to perfection all the symptoms of a retroversion of the womb, announced, "Oh that careless janitor! He must have knocked it over." It had been in a glass bottle in the university hospital for the last seven years. Dr. Loomis's case histories are interesting, and he is especially good on superstitions connected with childbirth. Dr. Aughinbaugh grew up in a rougher school. His mother was an escaped nun, his father a Protestant soldier on the southern side in the Civil War; and the resulting uproar about religion because of this, outside the family, meant that religion was never mentioned within it. The boy ran away to sea when he was eleven and enjoyed himself. Later he became a medical student in a school where the students, to supplement their incomes, dug up newly buried bodies from the cemeteries and sold them to the dissecting room. Dr. Aughinbaugh has the proper taste for medical flesh-creeping and farce—the self-mutilating maniacs, the abortive executions, and he has a good stock of negro stories. Afterwards he worked in leper colonies in Cuba and South America and went to India to study the bubonic plague. He is a breezy, dramatic writer and his reminiscences are full of laughter, horror and lively incident.

But the best slice of somebody else's life is Mr. Nial O'Malley Keyes's *Blubber Ship*. He illustrates the instinct for violence which unites the very rich and the very poor. Both feel themselves outside the restraints of ordinary society—the very rich are above them, the vagabond poor are against them. Removed from Eton because of chronic insubordination at the age of sixteen, he was set down in the likely environment of the nightclubs of Biarritz and then—for a change—to a monastery in Burgos. Such is Irish parenthood. Finally he was dumped on the Californian oilfields. His mixture of shyness and swank got him nowhere and soon he was on his beam ends. He was glad to take a job on a filthy unseaworthy whaler, a notorious ship despised among sailors, which collected whales from the killer fleet. Slopping about in blood and blubber all day, drinking as hard as they could, the crew of the *San Diego* were not simply toughs, they were half savage and maddened toughs, the real lice of the sea. The captain was never sober. When he appeared in the fo'castle everyone jeered, the mate was terrified and order was kept by a gigantic Swede. Fortunately, the Swede took charge of "limey." Murderous assault, brutal work, pitched battles with the killer crews and acts of sadism, like shutting a man up in the blubber condenser, were general. Finding they had been docked half their rotten wages at the end of the voyage, the crew wrecked the ship systematically and became the terrors and pariahs of the town. An exciting book, it becomes an interesting document because Mr. Keyes knows how to draw other people's portraits and his own. He was ridiculed because of his physique, his education and his accent; when he tried to conceal his accent, he was suspected; finally, deciding to pile it on, he was—a timely and lucky knock-out aiding—accepted. But where his pariahdom was accidental, the crews' was endemic and he was glad to be bailed out with a first-class passage to the Bahamas. This is a very unusual and likeable book. What a change real toughs are from the Hemingway Ersatz!

V. S. PRITCHETT.

READING ANTHOLOGIES

The Sacred Fire. An Anthology of English Poems from the XIVth Century to the present day. Chosen by WILLIAM BOWYER HONEY. *Routledge.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

The Pursuit of Poetry. Letters from Poets about Poetry, 1550–1938. Edited by DESMOND FLOWER. *Cassell.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

It is as well if I explain at once certain eccentricities of anthology reading. I am, to begin with, one of those who resent anthologies, and who having begun to read, read backwards. That is, I plunge into the present, say goodbye to my contemporaries, sail backwards, and leave off somewhere in the Caroline or Elizabethan age. There are certain poems I always read in anthologies: *The Ancient Mariner* is one; others I always avoid: for example, Gray's *Elegy*. I like to make comparisons, and if the anthology is to be a good one it must be rich in such comparison; it must include, that is, a number of poems unfamiliar to me which will chime with others I know. Mr. Honey's *The Sacred Fire* succeeds

on several of these somewhat idiosyncratic counts; I take it, therefore, to be a good book. Delightful to discover, instead of *The Hound of Heaven*, a long passage from *An Anthem of Earth* which I hardly know at all. Who would you say had written the following lines?

His heart is builded
For pride, for potency, infinity,
All heights, all deeps, and all immensities,
Arrased with purple like the house of kings,
To stall the grey rat, and the carrion-worm
Statelily lodge.

A touch of Beddoes? I turn to B to compare; not there, alas! My next surprise was another long poem, *Winter*, by Charles Cotton.

Hark, hark their voices higher rise,
They tear the Welkin with their Cries;
The very Rocks their fury feel,
And like Sick Drunkards nod, and reel.

Louder, and louder, still they come,
Nile's Cataracts to them are dumb,
The *Cyclops* of the Blades are still,
Whose Anvils shake the burning Hill.

Then, as always, I read with attention the poems from George Herbert. How long it is since I bought the little volume of his verse, and how often I have put off reading it! *Love*, *Longing* and *The Collar* remind me of a delightful duty. They remind me, too, that Hopkins owes more to this mystical poet than to any other English writer.

I struck the board, and cry'd, No more, I will abroad.
What? Shall I ever sigh and pine?
My lines and life are free, free as the rode,
Loose as the winde, as large as store.
Shall I be still to suit?

Turning back (or on) again, there is a lot of D. H. Lawrence; not, I think, quite the best of Lawrence. I should like to have seen one of his last poems on Death, and he wrote better verse about animals than those here on the snake and the kangaroo. Then, there is Smart: an excerpt from *Song of David*, the concluding passage, again not quite the best. I would quarrel over the Blakes—but there, one's favourite poets are always mispresented, it is of course always the inessential or good stressed by others. Mr. Honey's anthology, in fact, struck me as a resounding success, and after reading it backwards and forwards, I can recommend it to anyone else who looks for the less familiar in anthologies, which yet contain some of the best. It's not easy to achieve both at the same time, but here—and how agreeably—it has been done.

Mr. Desmond Flower's collection of letters might be read in conjunction. As a rule he does not print more than one letter from each poet, a good deal of his room being given to biographical and explanatory notes. These might have been cut down and more letters included. Coleridge, Keats, Hopkins, Whitman, Yeats, the great writers on their art, deserved surely more space, while amusing but inessential bits of Lamb, Scott and scores more would never be missed. I wish that Mr. Flower's choice had been rather more critical, that he had spent less ingenuity in trying hard to "get them all in." It really is rather pointless to include a long letter from Elroy Flecker without any critical or, so far as I can see, other interest. And after all the title of the book is *Letters of Poets about Poetry*. However, one can forgive much to a book which contains passages like the following:

> I have known an old fish-wife, who had lost two sons at sea, clench her fist at the advancing tide one stormy day, and cry out, "Ay! roar, do! how I hates to see thee show thy white teeth." Now if I had adopted her exclamation and put it in the mouth of some old woman in one of my poems, I daresay the critics would have thought it original enough, but would most likely have advised me to go to Nature for my old woman and not to my own imagination; and indeed it is a strong figure.
>
> Here is another anecdote about suggestion. When I was about twenty or twenty-one I went on a tour of the Pyrenees. Lying among these mountains before a waterfall that comes down one thousand or twelve hundred feet I sketched it (according to my custom then) in these words:
>
> Slow-dropping veils of thinnest lawn.
>
> When I printed this, a critic informed me that "lawn" was the material word in theatre to imitate a waterfall, and graciously added, "Mr. T. should not go to the boards of a theatre but to Nature herself for her suggestions." And I *had* gone to Nature herself.

Yes, *The Pursuit of Poetry* fulfils at least one important function of an anthology: it makes one launch out for oneself. As the result of reading the above passage, I shall at once ask for Hallam Tennyson's Life of his father at the London Library.

G. W. STONIER

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A WOMAN OF DESTINY?

The Fall of the Russian Monarchy. BERNARD PARES. *Cape.* 18s.

In this book Professor Pares has given us the indispensable complement to *The History of the Russian Revolution.* While Trotsky traced the growth of the revolutionary movement from below, and described, as only an active participator could describe it, the triumph of the Bolsheviks, Professor Pares, who also lived in Russia throughout the period, shows the gradual disintegration of the ruling class, the short-lived triumph of its Liberal critics and the final collapse. Though his love of Russia has enabled him to accept the new regime and to collaborate with it, he writes as a Gladstonian Liberal who had hoped to see Czarism "trodden down from precedent to precedent" and autocracy replaced by constitutional monarchy. Thus, while Trotsky's history is inspired by the view of a glorious future, the *Fall of the Russian Monarchy* is, as its title indicates, the careful study of a vanished and half-regretted past. In his closing sentences Professor Pares writes:

> If a stranger now visited the little palace of Tsankoe Selo, he would find it kept exactly as it was on the night when the family gathered with Kerensky in the semi-circular hall, with luggage piled for the journey to Tobolsk, the French windows opened for them to go to the station and the last leaf of the Emperor's calendar just torn off . . . He would be left, as he came away, to shape his own memory of his visit; and next he would inevitably feel, would be, that all this happened far back in the Middle Ages, when it was still thought possible to regard a sixth of the world as a personal estate and to govern a hundred and seventy millions of humanity from a lady's drawing room. Then he would say to himself that all this was gone far, far away, never to come back again.

These sentences fairly sum up Professor Pares' view of the Revolution. Convinced that things might easily have gone quite differently even as late as 1915, he sees the story as a personal tragedy of three people, the Emperor, the Empress, and Rasputin; and his attention is so closely concentrated on these three that the other figures in the story, with the exception of the scatter-brained, spinster go-between, Anna Vyrnbova, and the young Kerensky, are little more than names, difficult for the inexpert reader to keep distinct in his head. This method, however, has one great merit. For the first time is one able to look at the problems of Russia with the eyes of the royal family and to see precisely what their part in the catastrophe was.

Professor Pares is easily able to dispose of a few myths. Nicholas was neither a ruthless tyrant nor a stupid man, but a mild, cultured, decent fellow, overwhelmed by his responsibilities. The Empress no more than Rasputin was a German agent, but simply a possessive wife and mother, a Victorian Englishwoman, whose virtues were her chief defects. An overwhelming sense of the sanctity of the family made her exclusive and sensitive to all outside the charmed circle. Her natural jealousy and ambition for Vicky and for "Baby," the ailing Crown Prince, were stimulated by a Christian sense of wifely duty until they became a disease. Loyalty to an adored husband, whose weakness she perceived, made her not only accept the Czarist autocracy as a necessary evil, but elevate it into a family right; and when Vicky failed to assert himself, she assumed with wifely devotion the position of a Catherine the Great. For her every Liberal reformer, and even the conservatives who dared to criticise, were personal enemies of the family. Totally ignorant both of politics and of Russia, she "regarded Ministerial crises as a noisy dispute in the servants' hall." Qualities which, in the wife of a country gentleman, would merely have created a village row, precipitated the collapse of an Empire. Such are the misfortunes of small virtues for those born great.

To the excesses of Victorian family ethics she added a puritanical religiosity. Only after a long struggle did her love for the future Emperor conquer her religious scruples, but, once the decision was made, she became more Orthodox than the Orthodox, and it was through her fanatical mysticism that she fell under the influence of Rasputin. As Professor Pares says, she was too prudish to believe in his bestiality. Shielded by her Christian innocence, she saw in him the saint who could relieve her "Baby's" pain, the peasant who could give her contact with the masses. There is no doubt that Rasputin had healing powers, and dislike of his morals should not blind us to his political perspicacity. He saw that Czarism could not survive a war, and was opposed to the Liberals, not because he received money from Germany, but because, like Lenin, he saw that the only slogan to stir the

masses was "bread and peace." Whether these were given by a despot or a Bolshevik was a matter of indifference.

But peace with Germany was the one thing which the Empress could not accept even on Rasputin's advice. When he orders the dismissal of every efficient minister, she sees that it is done. When, against the unanimous advice of the cabinet, Nicholas assumes the supreme command, he only gets through the interview by holding in his hand an ikon given him by Rasputin; and a few days later, before he sees the cabinet, the Empress begs him to comb his hair with Rasputin's comb. By 1915 Rasputin completely dominates policy, and succeeds in alienating the Czar not only from the Liberals, but even from the other members of the royal family, who on the last Christmas Day give no presents to him or to the Czarina. When the Revolution breaks, they are autocrats indeed, so supreme aloof and all-powerful, that they have no friends, no ministers, no advisers, except the egregious Protopopoff. In all this Rasputin prevails, but the Empress is adamant about the war. That must go on "for Baby's sake." "It is your war and your peace," she writes to Nicholas; for even a war was a purely family matter for this devout lady, whose comment in 1914 was "Wilhelm will never pardon me this war." Not without cause did she have a portrait of Marie Antoinette on her writing table. But Marie never constructed a platform at the back of her husband's audience room, where she could lie on a couch concealed by a curtain, and make sure that her beloved husband remained true to his absolution.

The contrast between the Victorian bliss of the family circle and the tragedy outside is horrific. For the happier the family accord, the worse the disaster for Russia. Had Nicholas followed up his broad promises of 1905 and granted constitutional reform, it would have meant family disputes. To his own bad conscience at betraying his autocratic trust would have been added the reproaches of a vindictive wife. He would have been surrendering what belonged, not to him, but to "Baby." With a heavy heart the Czar did what duty and his wife alike demanded. Instead of living as a constitutional monarch, he chose to die an autocrat and a good family man. Like the hero of a Greek tragedy, he recognised his own fate and knew that he must obey it against all reason. A Czar cannot deny his Czarism even for the people.

Professor Pares believes that the disaster could have been avoided. He reminds us of the period immediately before the war, when the great educational and agricultural reforms were carried through, and attributes everything to the personality of the Empress and Rasputin. In so doing he under-rates the overwhelming power of autocratic tradition. Had Nicholas been a great statesman, he could only have been a great autocrat like his father. In that case he would have been efficiently reactionary; there would have been no Rasputin, but an even more intense conflict between the social forces. For Czarism was faced by an insoluble dilemma. To endure it needed peace at any price, as Rasputin saw. But in a period of rapidly developing capitalism, the peace of the peasants was intolerable for the middle classes. "Which do you think most of," said Rasputin, "the 150 thousand or the 150 millions?" Nicholas had to think of both and their removals were incompatible. The Milyvkovs and Kerenskys demanded democracy and expansion, the peasants bread and peace. The French alliance was necessary to Russian development, but since it led to war, it was fatal to autocracy. Only when the Czar and the Liberals had both been destroyed, would the Bolsheviks be able to forge the policy which satisfied the masses. Seen in this perspective of the future, the Czarina and Rasputin are merely incidental characters in a vaster tragedy, whose hero is not the Czar, but Russia.

This fundamental criticism does not detract from the virtues of *The Fall of the Russian Monarchy*. By neglecting the great process of history, Professor Pares has been able to give what would be the classical description of the details, if it were better composed. But, unfortunately, the book is badly put together. Sometimes Professor Pares can dash off a brief description. Of Protopopoff he writes: "He was a man whom it was very difficult to run down to a definite address at any time of the day." But more often strange phrases like, "a shot was even lodged in Lenin by Dora Caplan," "a strong railway accident" disturbs the reader. In his introduction he has some severe things to say of journalists and best-sellers. The journalist may be a low type, but he would never perpetuate the sentence with which Chapter VI begins:

> When the wanderings of the nations left English and French in immediate neighbourhood, they did nothing more to emphasise the meaning of the word foreigner than they did when they made neighbours of Germany and Russia.

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THE COUNTRYSIDE

The Countryman's England. By JOHN MOORE. *Seeley.* 8*s.* 6*d.*
East Anglia. By DOREEN WALLACE. *Batsford.* 8*s.* 6*d.*
Suffolk Scene. By JULIAN TENNYSON. *Blackie.* 8*s.* 6*d.*
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The Lowlands of Scotland. By GEORGE SCOTT-MONCRIEFF. *Batsford.* 8*s.* 6*d.*
The Gentle Art of Walking. By GEORGE MURRAY. *Blackie.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Moore's book is one of the " English Scene " series, planned to show what different things England means to different people. To one its chief pride may be Shakespeare, to another the far-flung empire it has created. The complete series, its sanguine editor promises, " will be the vision of England as a whole." It may be, if every contributor has the ability to communicate to the reader his vision of a part of the whole as clearly and directly as Mr. Moore in *The Countryman's England*. What he means by this England is not what everyone means. A countryman, he says, is best defined as " a person for whom at least one sheet of the largest-scaled ordnance map has a special and personal meaning." The definition may not fit all countrymen as well as it fits Mr. Moore. The little fragment of the sheet he has selected represents the little bit of the English countryside he has made his own. He knows it very intimately, as intimately as White knew Selborne, and Constable the Stour, and describes it very minutely and very vividly. Its fields, its orchards, its woods, its rivers, its church, its birds, its flowers, its beasts, and the people who live in it. Only two square miles out of Great Britain's hundred thousand. " You can walk round it in an afternoon. Yet if you did so for a year, there would still be new things to find at the end of it." Where this corner of England, which stands so well for the whole, is to be found, we are not told. There are, however, clues in the illustrations and the text, which with five other books waiting to be read, I had not time to follow up. The meadow, called very properly " the Bloody Meadow," because it was the scene of great slaughter in a battle between the White Rose and the Red, an appropriate name for it still when the *geranium sanguineum* which has propagated itself there is in flower, is one of these clues. The charm of this book is indefinable, but it will be felt by every reader who can say with Miss Sackville-West : " The country habit has me by the heart."

Miss Doreen Wallace's range is wider than Mr. Moore's. You could not walk round East Anglia, which comprises a far greater number of the Eastern counties than, before my ignorance was enlightened by this study of it, I had thought, in one afternoon, unless you were equipped with seven-league boots—perhaps not even then. (My arithmetic is as weak as my geography.) Miss Wallace has had to pack a large area into a small space, the smaller because room had to be left for about 150 illustrations, which are, by the way, of the high quality to be expected in a Batsford book. They might, however, have been more intelligently placed in relation to the text. I am sorry to have to use that hard-worked word " informative " about this book, but none other will serve. Miss Wallace says she has had to be " rigorously selective," but so much has been put in that one wonders what the dickens can have been left out. First come generalisations about East Anglia as a whole. All that the eastern counties have in common in landscape, architecture, the character of the people, the soil, farming methods, and other things, is set down with masterly conciseness. There follow particularisations about the individual features of each county. It is then we perceive that the part of East Anglia which has the most special and personal meaning for Miss Wallace is Suffolk. None the less I think the peculiar charm of the Suffolk countryside, which cannot be appreciated from a motor car, as the main roads are dull, is better conveyed in Mr. Julian Tennyson's *Suffolk Scene*. He has been able to take us through Suffolk at a more leisurely pace than Miss Wallace, pausing long, I am glad to say, at Dunwich, and Old Crowe Hall. He tells us more about its history, and about its famous men, Gainsborough, Constable, Crabbe, Edward Fitzgerald and Borrow, who, although not a native, spent the longest stationary period of his life at Oulton. The account of Borrow is particularly good. I take this story from it. When a Suffolk authoress timidly offered to present Borrow with her twelve-volume book *The Queens of England*, he shouted : " For God's sake, don't, madam. I shouldn't know where to put them, or what to do with them." He then added in a loud voice to a friend beside him : " What a damned fool that woman is ! " Mr. Tennyson writes as well of people as of things. He writes often with the touch of the true poet. He is not a great-grandson of Alfred Tennyson for nothing.

One day, looking at the glorious view from his home in a hamlet on the Cotswolds, Mr. Colin Howard boasted to a friend that a hamlet more beautifully placed could not be found anywhere from Land's End to John o' Groats. " How do you know ? " his friend demanded. " I sniffed the sunny air, and looked out before me. The hills loomed invitingly in the distance. . . . It was spring. . . . ' Damn it ! ' I said. ' I'll go and look ! ' " And forthwith Mr. Howard set out for Land's End to begin his journey to John o' Groats. He traversed nineteen counties (by car) and found them all " good." His halting-places were well chosen The narrative of his experiences is lively enough but too facetious for my taste. We learn more about the English pub. than about the English, or Scottish, countryside. The last gets its due in Mr. Scott-Moncrieff's *The Lowlands of Scotland*, that is the least popular part of it. This is another Batsford book, quite superbly illustrated. It is said that Mr. Scott-Moncrieff knows the Lowlands as well as any man alive. I should like to amplify that testimonial by adding that he has the power to communicate his knowledge to others.

There is more about Scotland in *The Gentle Art of Walking*. It was there that Keats practised the art, and Dr. Johnson too, very reluctantly and very badly. Mr. Murray, who has made walkers a special study, is probably right in putting Johnson at the bottom of the class. " It is doubtful if during the three months they were away "—the reference is to the tour in the Western Islands of Scotland with Boswell in 1773—" he covered on foot as much as ten miles. He preferred, to his shame, to be carried." Boswell, on the other hand, had the stuff of walking in him. He covered not less than twenty-four miles of rugged ground in the island of Raasay in a single day. I wish now I had been more " rigorously selective " in this review, and left more space for enthusiastic praise of this original and fascinating book. Some walkers ! Poets, like Keats (his tramp across Mull in 1818 has more to do with his early death than the article in the *Quarterly*) and Wordsworth (who had a shambling gait, but was almost fatigue-proof, and positively wallowed in miles). Naturalists, like White, Jefferies, Hudson, and Edward Thomas. Professional pedestrians like Captain Barclay, who in 1809 undertook for a wager of one thousand guineas to walk a thousand miles at the rate of one mile in each of a thousand successive hours. Explorers, alpinists, geologists, artists. Constable turns up again in this book, walking, walking, in search of subjects, observing with minute exactness as he walked. Borrow turns up again, walking, walking as tirelessly as he wrote. Perhaps he should be put at the top of the class. " Walking was so natural to him that he no more noticed the steps he took than the breath he drew." A fine collection of walkers, from the primitives to the modernists, organised into Ramblers' Federations, all put through their paces in the most charming and understanding way by Mr. Murray, a showman of wide sympathies and wide culture. CHRISTOPHER ST. JOHN

BALKAN TRAVELLERS

Ikons and Oxen. By PHILIP THORNTON. *Collins.* 12*s.* 6*d.*
Romanian Furrow. By D. J. HALL. *Harrap.* 5*s.*

It is a curious fact about Anglo-Saxons who go out nowadays to peasant lands distant from their own centres of civilisation that an irresistible impulse seems to seize many of them to describe their experiences in a kind of strained biblical style. A psychologist might actually find in this phenomenon some connection with the role that Old Testament reading about primitive peoples still plays in education in our highly industrialised country ; but whatever the reason for it, it is a pity because it makes the peasants, whether Chinese, or Rumanian, or Bulgarian, remote and rather unreal instead of disturbingly like ourselves as they are.

Having got this grumble over, let me say that *Romanian Furrow* and *Ikons and Oxen* do manage, in spite of this occasionally irritating artificiality of style, to give interesting pictures of life in some countries of south-eastern Europe which are very much in the news to-day. Now that the British militiaman may find himself one day fighting side by side with his Rumanian ditto, it is as well he should try to discover what the new ally is like. Both authors leave one slightly bewildered by the *mamaliga* they seem to be

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for ever gorging, the *tuica* they imbibe in bucketfuls, and the *sârba* or *hora* dances they promptly skip into under its stimulus, but through all this ritual one catches a vivid glimpse of an extraordinarily unspoilt peasant people, with immense reserves of vitality. Mr. Hall, whose book is a timely reprint which appears, according to Mr. Bruce Lockhart's introduction, to have been specially commended for its truth by King Carol, went out to Rumania, not to find the low-down on the situation as most writers do now, but to live among the peasants. He made no compromise in this, but ate, slept, worked exactly as the villagers around him did, learnt to speak their language and ended by liking it and being liked so much that he stayed a great deal longer than he had intended. The result is that whether he is describing the peasant's temperament and customs or the Rumanian landscape, he is excellent; where he turns to more political questions he is not so sure a guide, being rather too ready to accept comfortable views of the peasants' freedom and prosperity since the War, from the mouths of interested parties.

The most fascinating part of the book is where he comes across customs still kept up among the villagers, which clearly go right back to Roman times, or earlier. There is the *paparuda*, the rite performed in order to bring rain, with its reminiscences of the Adonis legend, the flower-covered image of a youth which is carried by the peasant girls in a coffin and cast into the Danube on Ascension Day; and the *pomana*, a festival held after a prominent man's death, in which all that is eaten and drunk is supposed to accompany the soul on its journey in the underworld. *Ikons and Oxen* also describes similar customs, and provides some fine photographs of them into the bargain, in particular of a child's funeral in Transylvania where the Mother filled her dead baby's mouth with garlic and put a small coin in its hand—for the fare across the Styx. Everywhere Mr. Thornton goes he finds extraordinary survivals of primitive myth and magic; and the fire-festival he witnesses in a remote corner of Bulgaria and the dervish dance in a small Yugoslav village are certainly first-class travellers' scoops, and he reports them with vigour and relish. He is a more superficial traveller, however, than Mr. Hall, and he spoils his story by trying too often to make his readers' flesh creep; he will believe in a vampire or a witch as easily as a Nazi believes in a Jewish plot behind every German reverse, and when these improbabilities are announced in the staccato style he affects, it is melodrama that emerges and not the real drama of his experiences. But this, and the occasional political inaccuracies, and the more frequent misprints, can be forgiven for his brilliant photographs and the flair he has for getting to the out-of-the-way place at the crucial moment.

The stress these two travellers lay on the primitive survivals in the life of the Balkan peoples should not blind one to the other side of the medal. They are indeed still very close to the earth, and that is part of their strength; but while they are increasing rapidly in numbers, they are becoming more and more accessible to modern ideas, and the start in industrialisation and the agrarian reforms which followed the War, however incomplete, gave them a taste of freedom and material advantages that has whetted their appetite for a great deal more.

JOHN LEHMANN

IMPRESSIONS OF A BEST-SELLER

A Peculiar Treasure. By EDNA FERBER. *Heinemann.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

From several points of view *A Peculiar Treasure* is an engaging book. It gives us a vivid sketch of an active and successful woman: it traces the outline of a busy and exciting career: it helps to explain the methods and psychology of a modern best-seller. It is readable, diffuse, slipshod, enthusiastic, entertaining, naive. Miss Ferber is not fatuously self-complacent. On the other hand, she is neither unduly self-critical nor exaggeratedly introspective and, looking back across her life, she can afford to feel satisfied. She is modestly pleased with her present position and proud of her ancestry. The peculiar treasure mentioned on the title page is the Jewish blood to which she attributes the strain of devoted diligence so apparent in her personal and literary dealings. From the same source, no doubt, she inherits her vitality, her somewhat exuberant sentimentality—relieved by a considerable degree of shrewdness—the touch of humility that appears in the narrative of her greatest triumphs. No reader is likely to begrudge her the success she enjoys. Miss Ferber's adult career began at the age of nineteen when she left her quiet Middle-Western home and started work as an early "sob-sister" on the Milwaukee *Journal*. Some of Miss Ferber's liveliest and best-written pages are concerned with her recollections of the Milwaukee background, the streets of that squalid, prosperous beer-brewing town, the fascinating world of the newspaper office, the police courts, the boarding houses, the people encountered. She was immensely overworked and exceedingly happy. In the end, over-exertion and underfeeding brought on a complete physical breakdown; Miss Ferber was obliged to retreat to Appleton and, during convalescence, she started to write a novel. *Dawn O'Hara* she admits was dreadful stuff; but it was at last published and ever since has been selling steadily. Her short stories—more meritorious and at that time even more successful—first propelled her down the slipway towards fame and fortune.

Her subsequent progress may be compared to that of some great transatlantic liner. Storms have come cannonading against the vessel's sides; there have been dark days, nasty moments, rain and thunder; but the schedule of performance has been manfully adhered to, the record preserved. Luckily for herself, she is in love with work—not necessarily with her own work, certainly with the idea of work in the abstract. Never impeded by diffidence or dilletantism, she has discovered in herself a means of diverting personal energy into creative channels, and from immediate experience producing saleable copy that both more important and less accomplished writers have often lacked. In composition, she seems to have eliminated an intermediate and—to judge by the biographies of such novelists as Flaubert, Tolstoi, Proust—uncommonly tedious and exhausting stage. Thanks, it may be, to her newspaper training, she is one of the best organised of modern novelists: no sooner has she received an impression than she is able to absorb it and, no sooner has it been absorbed, than it takes shape as a book, meaty, satisfying, solid, abounding in incident. No dismal periods of indecision and hesitation: no gloomy search for the inevitable in rhythm and epithet. Notwithstanding the hard work, it's been easy going . . .

So much for the limitations of Miss Ferber's method. There is a pleasing simplicity about her account of the circumstances through which her various stories have come to be written. For example, having just published a novel, enormously efficient and well-documented, about life in Oklahoma, she happens to be spending a week-end on Long Island. There, "walking towards us against the background of a spectacular sunset," whom should she catch sight of but a Polish market-gardener? The Poles, she learns, have ousted the old bankrupt New England families. Fifty years ago they began to arrive:

> Half of New England's Polish now. They're wonderful farmers. They live in the old New England houses that were built in the 1700's by hand . . . Well, there it was. American Beauty. My holiday was over. Just as when Winthrop Ames had happened to say show boat to me, starting me towards the South and the world of the Mississippi and the floating theatre, and as William Allen White . . . had given me that first fascinating glimpse of the dramatic possibilities in Oklahoma, so now Walter Lippmann's brief comment set my imagination racing . . .

She struggled, Miss Ferber tells us, against the temptation. "I was tired; I didn't want to do that kind of book again . . . But the urge to write the New England novel was stronger than the desire to smother it. Perhaps I should have been stern about practising birth control on *American Beauty*. Conceived in careless love I hadn't meant to have it. But there it was."

So a new novel popped into the world and, like every novel Miss Ferber has yet published, it was born with a substantial platinum spoon in its mouth. Nor should one feel aggrieved at its early good fortune. As Miss Ferber remarks, while apologising for the immaturity of *Dawn O'Hara*, "everything I have written, from that time to this, with the exception of the novel *Show Boat*, which is frankly romance and melodrama, has had a sound sociological basis." That, of course, is why Miss Ferber's books are so very much more readable than most English stories of equivalent rank. She has never lost her enthusiasm for the American scene. Though her characterisation is seldom profound or subtle, though her mannerisms are often journalistic, she is swept along by the dignity and breadth of her subject-matter. In Europe, the second- or third-rate novelist is usually reduced to writing of fourth-rate characters, existing in conditions of precarious gentility or dubious intellectuality, sadly circulating in some all-too-familiar squirrel's cage; while Miss Ferber can draw on the resources of a gigantic continent, stocked with a dozen different races, full of extremes of wealth and poverty, where contrasts are dramatic and obvious as the landscape is vast. Well, Miss Ferber has had the wit to grasp her advantage, and the energy and tenacity to give her observations a literary

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form. None of her books may be really memorable, but none is worthless. What is more, she has derived tremendous enjoyment from writing them. Her latest book is not a masterpiece of autobiography; but its qualities by far outweigh the defects that derive from them. PETER QUENNELL

INTELLIGIBILITY AND PHYSICS

Modern Science: A Study of Physical Science in the World To-day. By HYMAN LEVY. *Hamish Hamilton.* 21s.

Books on science for the layman are of three kinds. Some are sensational, bombarding the reader with surprising assertions and calling upon him to open his mouth and marvel. Some are devotional, seeking to lull the reader into a mood of awe and worship before the unknowable works of the Supreme Senior Wrangler. Professor Levy's book is of the third kind. He invites the reader to wrinkle his brows and to understand.

These three classes form a succession in time. The wonders of science and nature are outmoded. They date back to the period of faith in the unlimited validity of universal laws of nature and of unlimited optimism about the inevitability of human progress. Internal crises in science and external crises in society shattered both these faiths, and left the field open to the mystery story writers. Now that scientists are beginning to reassert the validity of their work and to question its use by society, there is a supply of, and sometimes a huge demand for, books of explanation.

The reader of *Modern Science* will have to do a great deal of brow-wrinkling before he achieves full understanding. This is partly due to the inherent difficulties of the subject-matter, and partly to faults in the style and presentation. In Professor Levy's own idiom, the book jumps about between different levels of explanation. At one time he stops to define and enlarge on simple, everyday notions, and at another he demands considerable historical knowledge or mathematical facility. The style, sometimes so clear and forcible, becomes on occasion perplexingly polysyllabic. The introductory historical section is particularly unsatisfactory.

But do not be put off by the first fifty pages. Repress your annoyance at explanations of the familiar. Ignore obscure historical references. Struggle through or, as a last resort, skip the difficult passages. Do not let these minor obstacles keep you from this timely piece of brilliant original investigation. For in *Modern Science* Professor Levy has begun to shape out what must be the world outlook of science in the next period of its growth.

The classical or Newtonian world picture sufficed until this century. It operated with indestructible bodies interacting according to eternal laws in an absolute space and time. New discoveries were fitted in, more or less comfortably, by the attribution of suitable properties to an all-pervading ether. In dealing with this universe, the scientist and technical man had to have a model. The club- and pub-going Englishman visualised it in terms of billiard balls, of all sizes, from the atomic to the astronomical. These were perpetually cannoning on a three-dimensional infinite perfectly true frictionless table. The universe was a series of interlocking immensely complicated games of snooker. The job of science was to study the run of the balls, and from them to deduce the rules of the game. So triumphantly did this world-map guide men out of the handicraft into the machine age that it came to be looked upon as the unique embodiment of intelligibility and common sense.

The theory that had taken care so perfectly of flywheels and crankshafts broke down in the new world of electricity and aeroplanes. The billiard cloth of space was found to pucker up round the balls, and both its infinity and its truth were questioned. The tiniest balls—electrons and protons—behaved in a most unball-like manner, disappearing suddenly and popping up somewhere else, instead of staying put. The energy that moved the balls seemed to be done up in parcels, instead of infinitely divisible. Sometimes the balls became waves, and waves became balls. If Newton and his like had discovered the rules of the game, then nature seemed to have entered into a conspiracy to cheat.

These new phenomena were first dealt with by means of abstract mathematics. The new technology out of which they arose was developing in a society in economic crisis, threatened with breakdown or supersession. It was not surprising, therefore, that conservative-minded mathematicians should deny the objectivity of these disturbing antics of nature and society, asserting that reality resided only, if anywhere at all, in the mathematical symbols, and that what had been uncovered was an illimitable tract of hopeless ignorance.

But the new knowledge was not ignorance. It worked. As Professor Levy shows in two brilliant chapters, it was as fruitful a guide to the typical new social practices of aviation and electric lighting as the classical science had been to the social practice of looms and rolling-mills. The majority of working scientists rejected the mysterious universe. But they had no alternative. They could only echo the faith of Professor Einstein that causality would somehow be restored to physics.

Almost alone among English-speaking scientists, Professor Levy has passed from faith to action. He is making a pioneer attempt to restore intelligibility into physics. A large part of his task is critical, exposing the weaknesses of the old concepts and examining the true role of mathematics in scientific discovery. Some of his constructive efforts are audaciously brilliant, as when he steals the billiard balls off the classical table and uses them to show the wavelike properties of matter in motion. He would be the first to agree that much will have to be revised and modified by the collective process of science. But there can be little doubt that, if science survives at all, it will approach its new tasks from the ground explored in *Modern Science*.

The new outlook is not mechanistic, but dialectical. Even in the most orthodox of classical expositions, the dialectic would keep breaking through. It is not the least of Professor Levy's services to the future that he shows by a wealth of concrete cases, underlining the lesson in his masterly closing chapter, that the classical physics gave birth to dialectics, and died in the childbirth, because that is the way the universe functions. B. WOOLF

WOLFE TONE

Theobald Wolfe Tone. By FRANK MACDERMOT. *Macmillan.* 15s.

Wolfe Tone's public career extended over less than nine years, three of which were spent in exile. Before entering upon the United Irish conspiracy he had repeatedly sought employment from the British Government. At no time did he conceal his dislike of priests and the Papacy. His contact with the mass of the Irish people was very slight, and he was ignorant of their history, their language and culture. It is strange that this man should have become, above all those who have given their lives in the cause of Irish independence, the saint of the resurgent Gaelo-Catholic Ireland of to-day.

Tone has long needed a modern and judicious biographer, and he has found such a biographer in Mr. Frank MacDermott, who, as a member of the Dail and a Senator, has often drawn the attention of his compatriots to the incoherencies of much of their political thought. From this fascinating and scholarly book it appears clearly that Tone would be better described as a typical eighteenth-century Whig, thwarted in self-fulfilment, than as the "father" of Pearse and the mystical Nationalists of 1916. His motives in turning to conspiracy were compounded of resentment, love of excitement, admiration of French military prowess, even more than of democratic ideology and the desire to see Ireland great and glorious and the Catholics freed of their oppressions. He was not an implacable enemy of England, nor did he own a distinctive philosophy of Irish patriotism like John Mitchell or the men of 1916. The papers left by Tone himself, his remarkable autobiography and his diaries, should alone have scotched the growth of the Tone Myth; but they have been relatively inaccessible to the general public.

Tone believed it to be possible to fuse the miscellaneous elements of the population of Ireland into a nation, and here his biographer is with him, though suspecting that he made the mistake of thinking of unity as a means rather than as an end. The man himself (to Froude "the least offensive of all the Irish rebels") appears as an extraordinarily attractive figure in Mr. MacDermott's pages. There was nothing sourly Puritan about Tone, and he even liked, and was liked by, the corrupt aristocrats of the ascendancy with whom he came into contact in the days when he was seeking "employment." He was a lover of the arts and of literature, high-spirited, exceptionally brave and fitted in many ways to use the power for which he yearned.

Moreover he was able in conspiracy, and Ireland was undoubtedly near to independence when he got the French fleet into Bantry Bay in 1776. It was Grouchy, the blunderer at Waterloo, who mismanaged the expedition, but Tone successfully defended him before the Directory, and so (it is a curious reflection) may

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have helped England to her final victory over Bonaparte. England's danger of losing Ireland in 1776 was obvious, and so were the advantages to France. The advantages to Ireland were less obvious, though Tone felt assured that the French had no *arrière pensée* of conquest for themselves. The religious results of an Irish independence so achieved would have been most interesting. There was already a large measure of understanding between the Catholics and the Northern Dissenters; but would the former have ever faced the last consequences of their prefering the political philosophy of Tom Paine to that of their Christian countryman, Edmund Burke? Only thus could a union of Southern Irish and Belfast Dissenters have been cemented, and it is difficult to doubt that the Church would have rallied the peasant masses, tempted though the latter would have been by the confiscations of "ascendancy" property proposed, against a "French-principled" regime. The times would have been catastrophic, though bringing with them an experience which, as Mr. MacDermott says, might have taught "a realism," hardly yet acquired. When Tone failed, the consequences were the Act of Union and "a hundred and twenty years entanglement in the irrelevancies of English party politics." But had he never tried, the Anglo-Irish should have kept their Parliament, which had at least done something for the general happiness and prosperity and for the bringing together of all sorts of Irishmen.

J. M. HONE

RELIGION AND ETHICS

Christianity and Morals. By EDWARD WESTERMARCK *Kegan Paul.* 21*s.*

In this book the distinguished author applies to Christianity the ideas which he has previously developed in general. Defining religion as "a belief in and a regardful attitude towards a supernatural being on whom man feels himself dependent and to whom he makes an appeal in his worship," Professor Westermarck, taking Christianity as *a* religion, seeks to discover the relations between it and morals. It is well known that primitive religion shows no connection with morals at all; and in religions which cannot be called primitive the connection is often of the flimsiest. It is the claim of Christian apologists that theirs is an ethical religion, and some would almost hold that it is the only religion of this kind, or at least so superior in its ethics to all others that its uniquely divine origin is thus proved. This claim Professor Westermarck here subjects to a rigid examination.

We require first a definition of our moral judgments: and the hedonistic—in all its forms—as well as the intuitionist, is decisively rejected. Both theories seem to fail when we find that what their advocates regard as self-evident truths are denied by equally competent experts. Westermarck therefore sees no reason to abandon the view he defended in an earlier work, that moral judgments are the expressions of emotions, and those, emotions of moral approval or disapproval. To be worth anything, they must be disinterested; indignation against cruelty, for example, must be as keen when the victim is someone else as when it is yourself.

In applying this theory to Christianity we must distinguish, as far as possible, the almost infinite varieties of the religion. The teaching of Christ is one thing, that of Paul another; there are multitudinous sects, and even Catholicism, which boasts its perfect consistency, is not what it was, and not the same in one country as in another. The difficulty of finding a common denominator is therefore immense; but Dr. Westermarck does not shirk it. As far as the ideas of Jesus can be ascertained—and we can be certain neither of what he said nor of the meaning of his sayings, for he spoke in parables and in Oriental fashion—they seem to be in general harmony with the theory. His moral teaching, on the whole, expresses an emotion which is at once altruistic and disinterested.

Coming to Pauline Christianity, Professor Westermarck appears to be a little bewildered by the doctrine of Justification by Faith. It certainly lends itself easily to antinomian perversions, and the author of the Epistle of James seems to have noticed such perversions very early. But, understood as it was explained in the Confession of Augsburg—"good works are the *fruit* of faith, not a substitute for it"—it is, in itself, not open to objection, and ought not to be blamed because it has been abused.

With the later chapters it is probable that many sound Christians will largely agree. Christianity has certainly taken too much credit to itself for improvements in the social condition of mankind. Those who wished to abolish slavery had many Christian helpers, but still more numerous were their Christian opponents; and Lightfoot's defence of Paul's acceptance of the system is a fine specimen of clerical sophistry. Not till very lately has more than a minute fraction of the Christian world spoken out against war; and that world still speaks with a dubious voice. Too often the Church has been a bulwark of tyranny and oppression; and a new Amos might have found many a bishop among those who sell the righteous for silver and the needy for a pair of shoes.

Equally bad is its record in another sphere. It has invented undesirable virtues, and has drawn up a code against imaginary sins. It has exalted celibacy, and set up asceticism on a pedestal. It has made blind obedience a condition of salvation. On the other hand, it makes divorce practically impossible for its adherents, and has hindered it, to the best of its ability, in the case of those outside its communion. Marriage within the fourth degree of cousinship it has put under a ban. Perhaps worst of all, it regards heresy, that is, the fearless search for truth, as the most horrible of offences.

It cannot be denied that many genuine Christians are fully conscious of these and other defects, and are doing their best to mend them. With this aim in view, they can hardly do better than study the views of so competent an onlooker as Professor Westermarck. They will not always assent; but they will learn.

E. E. KELLETT

THE PSYCHO-ANALYSIS OF PROPAGANDA

The New Propaganda. By AMBER BLANCO WHITE. *Gollancz.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

This book is a sustained examination of the influence of propaganda conducted by the light of the principles of psychoanalysis. The author's general view is familiar and may be simply stated. Our sentiments and attitudes are formed in early years in the family: "they emerge as the resultant of the child's endeavours to adapt himself to the other members of his family, particularly his parents. Later he will tend to show the same attitude in his relations to other human beings." Cruelty and injustice in society may break down a trustful attitude; kindness and a sense of security may remove the hatred and illwill of a frustrated child, but, broadly, the dispositions formed in the family tend to persist, constituting the matrix in which our opinions are formed, and determining the attitudes from which our social behaviour derives. In the light of this general thesis, the author undertakes a detailed study of the reasons for the success of the dictatorships, and of the part played by propaganda in achieving and maintaining that success. In brief, her conclusion is that in Communist Russia and Nazi Germany alike the success of the dominant party has been due to their "intuitive grasp of the unconscious factors at work in the minds of the people."

The unconscious of the ordinary man is only too often dominated by anxiety and the sense of guilt, and his primary demand is, therefore, for comfort and reassurance. These in the family circle are obtained from the parents, and particularly from the father. The thesis is that the success of the dictators depends, like the success of the deity, upon their ability to fulfil for the frightened citizen the role which the father fulfils for the frightened child. Why, for example, do the masses unquestioningly accept the authority of the leader? Because he has succeeded in substituting his conscience for theirs, thus relieving them of the irksome burden of moral responsibility and the necessity of independent thinking. "What he says is right becomes right for them. The standards and commands of their own conscience vanish from their minds—are repressed. His suggestions take their place." "This," Mrs. Blanco White adds, "seems to cover all the facts." Propaganda under the dictatorships is, then, simply a device for multiplying and increasing the acceptability of these suggestions.

For me the main interest of the book lies in the last section where the technique of Left-wing propaganda in this country is discussed with particular reference to the question, how far can the Left afford to adopt the propaganda methods of the dictatorships? Mrs. Blanco White's answer is in effect, "Not at all." Her reasons are, I think, convincing. The object of Right-wing propaganda is, she points out, to produce, or rather to sustain, a childish mentality. Children need shelter and protective authority, in whatever form it is exercised, provides shelter. It is, therefore, the business of the Conservative Party to present itself at election

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He made no apology for referring once again to the road problem. Year after year the roads of this country were not only falling further behind the best modern standards, but were also becoming increasingly and more dangerously inadequate for the traffic they were called upon to carry. Whereas at one time Great Britain was recognised as a leader in road improvement, to-day they had fallen sadly behind and had nothing to match recent developments in many other countries. Nobody who had visited foreign countries could have failed to have been impressed with what they were doing in the way of road construction, or to realise what improvements in our system of road communications were urgently necessary to enable them to get the best value from the motor-vehicles which they had already in this country, not to mention those which they hoped to possess in 10 years' time.

They heard frequently reference to the need for a "Square Deal" for one form of transport. This year motor users would pay more than £100,000,000 in taxation, or over 10 per cent. of the total national revenue, but the "bargain" which they got went from bad to worse. Inadequate road development was a false economy, as the roads constituted one of the few objects of public expenditure which could be described as directly remunerative. There was ample evidence that transport facilities created traffic. Good roads encouraged people to make use of them, and thereby led directly to higher returns from the vehicle and fuel taxes, besides stimulating activity in motor manufacture and ancillary trades. Conversely, inadequate roads restricted road use, reduced revenue, and hindered development of trade and industry. Not only was the state of the country's roads fast becoming the limiting factor in the progress of one of its healthiest industries, but their present inadequacy would prove a severe handicap in a time of emergency.

Perhaps the most urgent need was the provision of proper road exits from all big towns and the construction of fast and unobstructed traffic arteries from the centres of those towns to their outskirts. He could only hope that the growing weight of public opinion here would at long last open the eyes of the authorities to their serious neglect of one of the most urgent problems facing the country to-day.

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In order to ensure new sources of supply the board had turned their attention to Colombia where an active campaign of exploration had been carried out, resulting in a number of concessions being obtained, and there was reason to hope that Colombia might take a more important place among oil-producing countries during the years ahead. These were very troubling times for the orderly development of purely business interests such as theirs on purely business lines and all would hope they might soon be able to return to a normal mentality.

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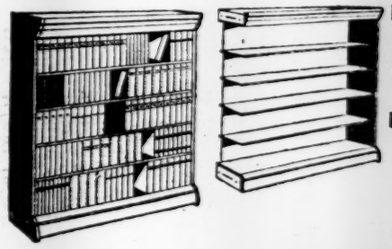

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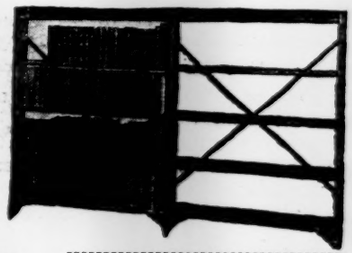

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times in the role of the guardian of security. It will continue "the old ways, the old leaders, the system to which they are accustomed." Hence the resort to scares—the Zinovieff letter scare, the Post Office Savings Bank scare, and so on—by which the Right gains its victories, intimidating voters by the prospect of the insecurity which will attend the victory of the Left.

At this sort of game, as Mrs. Blanco White very properly points out, the Right will beat the Left every time. Therefore, the only hope for the Left is to play a different game. Now the object of the Left is in the long run nothing less than to create a new type of man, one who thinks for himself, who provides his own initiatives and forms his own judgments. Hence it is upon education, upon appeals to reason, upon the revelation of true self-interest, and upon the record of good work well done (for example, that of the London Labour Party) that the appeal of the Left shall be based. As Mrs. Blanco White well says, the true propaganda of the Left to which the Right holds nothing comparable is

> that carried on by the obscure enthusiast who is willing and able to talk to his fellows in factories, pubs, trains, street-corners, and in their homes. These are our recruiting grounds, and it is here that the utterances and personalities of our adherents make their mark. . . . In the main pamphlets, posters, stirring speeches, only confirm the impressions made in this way.

Mrs. Blanco White wants, then, to see a race of fearless, intelligent-minded, guilt-free human beings looking at reality through eyes unclouded by envy or the sense of guilt with a gaze undistorted by snobbery or class bias. Our greatest ally is truth, and it is enough for our purpose that men should come to see it :

> We believe that it is possible clearly to demonstrate to the great majority of the population that their conditions would be greatly improved by socialism ; that the worse off would be paid more ; that all would gain in improved education and status, better social services and above all security of employment.

The words, as I read them, had a familiar ring.

> What we principally thought of was to alter people's opinions ; to make them believe according to evidence, and know what was their real interest, which when they once knew, they would, we thought, by the instrument of opinion, enforce a regard to it upon one another.

The second quotation is from John Stuart Mill's Autobiography, and expresses a faith which, a hundred years later, Mrs. Blanco White seems to share. Nevertheless, after a hundred years' experience she has regretfully to record that human beings do not see the truth ; at least, considerably more than half of them do not. Why then, she asks, do they not ? To answer this question she has recourse again to the father motif. We form the habit of looking up to the father in the family and we continue to look up to the rich and powerful in society. Hence the desire for the approval of our betters ; hence the feeling of guilt at the thought of offending them, and hence, too, our embarrassment when, rising above our station, we seek to join them. Hence, in a word, snobbery and respectability. At the other end of the psychological scale is the rebel against the father who grows up into the incorrigible minority man, permanently engaged in agitation against those in positions of responsibility which he is himself unfitted to sustain and deserting causes as soon as they show signs of succeeding.

All this makes excellent reading and, I make no doubt, excellent sense. Nevertheless, the book leaves one with a certain dissatisfaction. Suppose, one says to oneself, it is all true ; what then ? We are asked to produce a race of intelligent-minded human beings who will think for themselves, see the truth, and act accordingly. Yes, of course, but how ? John Stuart Mill said by education. Mrs. Blanco White says by psycho-analysis ; but when she is pressed, when she is confronted with the question, how can psycho-analysis effect a change in the multitude, she resorts only too often to remarks which uplift without enlightening, as for example, "We need both a renewed propaganda among our own adherents and a closer conception of unity. But the propaganda must take the form of education and not of deception, and the unity must be of a kind acceptable to a free people." Our age, which suffers from an overplus of diagnoses of the causes of human frailty, suffers also from a deficiency of recipes for salvation, or, more precisely, while there are plenty of recipes ranging from Christianity to Marxism, and from Buddhism to psycho-analysis, instructions are omitted as to the method of their application. I have regretfully to record that Mrs. Blanco White's book is not exceptional in respect of this omission.

C. E. M. JOAD

STORY BOOKS

Round the Year Stories : AUTUMN BOOK. By MARIBEL EDWIN. *Nelson.* 2*s.* 6*d.*
The Ship that Flew. By HILDA LEWIS. *Oxford.* 6*s.*
Hundreds and Thousands. By KIT HIGSON. *Oxford.* 6*s.*
High Tide Island. By GRACE DURAND. *R.T.S.—Lutterworth.* 5*s.*
Master of the Mountain. By BERNARD DEANE. *R.T.S.—Lutterworth.* 2*s.*
The Enchanted Wood. By ENID BLYTON. *Newnes.* 3*s.* 6*d.*
Secret of the Brown Shed. By CONSTANCE M. EVANS. *R.T.S.—Lutterworth.* 1*s.* 6*d.*
Phewtus the Squirrel. By V. H. DRUMMOND. *Oxford.* 2*s.* 6*d.*
A Wish for Timothy. By CATHERINE BEEBE. *Oxford.* 3*s.* 6*d.*
More New Tales from Shakespeare. By G. B. HARRISON. *Nelson.* 5*s.*

When story-books have nothing at all in common, it ought to be rather hard to choose the best—and yet I doubt if it is. Certainly, in this batch, *The Autumn Book* stands alone. It will be a godsend to the parent with views, whether intellectual or æsthetic, on his child's reading ; he can buy it without a qualm, and it is sure to please any child, from the age of nine or ten, who likes nature stories. There is nothing arranged or overdone in these little sketches : a dormouse preparing for winter sleep, a linnet caught in a raspberry-net, a band of shrews on an overcrowded islet—the "story" is always just enough, always charming, and yet it hardly exists. The creatures are not human, or sentimentalised ; they are not affectionate ; they think of food all the time, and live, in general, by eating each other. Yet, in spite of careful accuracy, they are appealing, and the author has managed to avoid giving pain. The first sketch, in which a heron kills a rat, is the only one that could possibly offend the soft-hearted ; thereafter the victims are anonymous and sentimentally non-existent—worms, flies and such small deer. The rabbit gets away from the stoat, and the redwing gets away from the sparrow-hawk, *par exception ;* there are a number of escape stories. The facts are beautifully woven into the narrative, and the writing is simple without being childish ; it is a pleasure to read.

The Ship That Flew derives from E. Nesbit. Four children, two of each sex, and a dragon-ship that wafts them through space and time—the pattern is good, but the execution is only moderate. The Nesbit stories have so much charm and humour and human interest that their magic almost gets in the way : *The Ship That Flew* depends entirely on its magic, and even that could be more exciting. The children go to Egypt three times—twice to modern, and once to ancient Egypt ; they visit Norman England, and return with a little Norman girl ; they dine in Valhalla, and have an adventure with Robin Hood. The historical scenes are pretty fair, yet not much is done with the subject, when you think what could have been done. However, the book suffers from nothing worse than lack of distinction. It is a pleasant story, above the average.

Hundreds and Thousands might be the work of the R.S.P.C.A., and rather suggests that dogs and ducks are more to be considered than human beings. Avoid it, if you are afraid your family will will imbibe this notion. A shabby but refined couple, with a crowd of children and a menagerie of pet animals, set up house in a genteel suburb and are cold-shouldered. No wonder, for the children are a nuisance, and their troop of animals is a pest—but you are not meant to think so. The neighbours soften at last ; a choleric Major on one side, and a prim maiden lady on the other—both sawdust—are encouraged by the eldest girl in the very stagiest of romantic attachments. And yet the dialogue has uncommon gusto, and the children might be lively and solid figures if they were given a chance.

High Tide Island is a pleasing book for the ten or twelve-year old. David and his little sister, threatened with charity schools and separation, escape to Guernsey, and fetch up on what they think is a desert island. Luckily, it has its Crusoe in a young artist (of course, red-haired), who takes them under his wing. The children are a nice little couple, and their adventures (bar the happy ending) are as natural as one can expect.

Master of the Mountain is a boy's story, of exploits in the Australian bush. Monty does all the right things—beats the most hardened riders in a buck-jumping competition, defeats a gang of cattle-stealers, and solves the local mystery by climbing an inaccessible peak. He has his faithful blackboy, whom he treats with

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OLD VIC. The Ascent of F.6 Thur.

PALACE. Under Your Hat. Tues. & Thurs.

QUEEN'S. Dear Octopus. Wed. & Sat.

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A Comedy by EMLYN WILLIAMS.

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great condescension. I am afraid it will all be spoilt by the dialogue, which is stiff and old-fashioned to a degree.

Not much can be said for *The Enchanted Wood*, a fairy-tale of the puerile variety, but no worse than most: nor for *Secret of the Brown Shed*, in which a game of treasure-hunting leads to the discovery of a Gang. The "children" here are quite old—sixteen or so—but you would never guess it from their remarks.

Phewtus the Squirrel and *A Wish for Timothy* are picture-books for the very young. *Phewtus*—both text and drawings—is on a rather facetious note; the other is a moral tale, nicely illustrated.

I own to being out of sympathy with *More New Tales from Shakespeare*. But if we need such a book—if it is really desirable to reduce Shakespeare to shreds and patches, and thus palm him off on children too young to relish him—then Dr. Harrison's attempt must be praised. K. JOHN

LOVES AND LIVES

Love and Death. By LLEWELYN POWYS. *Lane.* 15*s.*
Melina Rorke. By MELINA RORKE. *Harrap.* 10*s.* 6*d.*
Memory Be Good. By EVELYN BELL. *M. Joseph.* 10*s.* 6*d.*
I Lived in a Democracy. By NORAH JAMES. *Longmans.* 12*s.* 6*d.*
My Long Life. By DOUGLAS SLADEN. *Hutchinson.* 12*s.* 6*d*

It is difficult for the reader to judge in what precise proportions the factual and the imaginary are mixed in *Love and Death*, which is called by Mr. Powys "an imaginary autobiography" and by his wife in her ecstatic foreword "a novel that is not a novel." Since, however, the hero writes in the first person singular, bears the author's names, shares his background, and utters sentiments which are undoubtedly *echt* Powys, it seems likely that the book is emotionally autobiographical, but that the details of the story, and in particular the personality of his lover, owe more to Mr. Powys's imagination than to documentary truth.

The story is a tragic one. The author, assumed to be on his death-bed, keeps thoughts of death at bay by recalling his youthful love for Dittany Stone, who appears as a highly idealised and somewhat unlikely young woman, perhaps symbolic of the illusory perfection which only a lover can create. She is extremely susceptible, "in love with being loved," and even before she becomes Llewellyn's lover is beginning to prefer the rival whom she eventually marries. Dittany dies in child-birth, and her husband commits suicide, leaving Mr. Powys to die on the last page of the book, and the reader to wonder how an author can describe his own death.

The twin themes of love and death provide Mr. Powys with unlimited opportunity to perform expert variations, and he enriches the story with the fruits of his wide reading, his minute observation of nature, and his innate feeling for the traditions of the Dorset and Somerset countryside. Unfortunately he has made it almost unreadable, for me at least, by the prolix and artificial manner of his writing, which hovers uncomfortably between prose and poetry—a strange sense of betwixt and betweenness is the dominant note of the whole book, itself neither one thing nor the other—and at times has the same sort of extravagant flatness which is found in prose transcriptions of poetry. In almost every chapter there are passages which would put the taxi-driver off at first dip:

> Against the gate I held her, this lovely creature of my own kind. I was wildly, madly alive to the proximity of her body, of her body so close to mine, naked under her frock, her breasts as firm and explicitly rounded as wall fruit.

And a second dip might fail to reassure him:

> The parting was almost always crooked. How dearly I came to love this little white cringle-crangle woodland footpath that ran so unevenly across the top of her beautiful head like the irregular tracks that the African natives make through their tangled forests of sunshine and shadow.

The taxi-driver might be wrong, but no one could blame him.

If you can set up a defence mechanism against the frequent aggravations of the author's style, you will find *Love and Death* very well worth reading, for when he is not, to use his own terms, "ensorcelled" by his own eloquence and by his ability to make of his sentences a never-ending daisy chain of poetic images, he can, of course, write extremely well; as for instance when he is expounding his philosophy, or delivering powerful invective against the Church. But the defence mechanism will have to be very strong.

I must confess that after exploring the emotions with Mr. Powys I thoroughly enjoyed relaxing with Mrs. Rorke, whose exuberant story begins with her elopement from a South African convent at the age of 14, from which moment her life was as full of adventure as a Pearl White serial. When she wasn't slap in the middle of a war she was, at the very least, sitting on a snake.

Her first husband was killed in front of her shortly after their marriage, and before she was 17 Mrs. Rorke was a mother and a widow. She took her baby on the dangerous trek to Bulawayo, where she arrived in time to witness the consummation of one of our more conscious pieces of empire building; after the first Matabele war she started a nursing home there. In the Boer war she had countless escapes from death, was present at the relief of Mafeking, and won a reputation as a South African Florence Nightingale. After the war she came to London to be decorated by the King, returned to Bulawayo for a triumphal reception, and found that the man who was to have been her second husband had just died. And after all that she was only 25.

In contrast to the gusto of *Melina Rorke*, Evelyn Bells' memoirs have a very placid air, in spite of an exciting account of the sinking of the *Egypt*, and a convincing and very touching ghost story. *Memory be Good* starts off promisingly, with the author on her way to join her husband in Bombay, and sustains its promise for a chapter or two, in which Miss Bell gives an amusing description of her early days in India. But then beneath the reader's horrified eyes she gradually loses her freshness and turns into a mem-sahib. Towards the end of the book she takes to writing of the various pro-consuls whom she met in much the same way that the happiness boys write of their pet petunias. I think Miss Bell is a very nice, kindhearted person, but her whimsicality and girlish sense of fun are more than a little trying. Her earlier book *So Kind to Youth* seems to have been very popular, and I expect that *Memory Be Good* will be greatly in demand at the libraries.

Miss James, like Miss Bell, begins well enough, and the account of her childhood is adequately done: there are also some mildly interesting chapters about her work with trade unions during and after the war. Thereafter the book degenerates into triviality and does not appear to have held even the author's interest. A sample: here is Miss James on New York: "At last we reached New York. What a shattering experience the skyline of that city is. The height of it, the grandeur of the towering buildings, the grace." Incidentally, her title is most misleading.

Of Mr. Sladen, it certainly cannot be said that he loses interest in the story of his life. It is, however, an interest that few readers are likely to share through 300 closely printed pages of gossipy reminiscence. Mr. Sladen belongs to the anecdotal school and does not realise that dull stories are no less dull because the people concerned in them happen to be famous. GEOFFREY PARSONS

BEYOND LATITUDE 62°N

Soviets in the Arctic. By T. A. TARACOUZIE. *Macmillan.* 32*s.* 6*d.*
Arctic and Antarctic. By COLIN BERTRAM. *Heffer.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
Tracks in the Snow. By D. HAIG-THOMAS. *Hodder and Stoughton.* 10*s.* 6*d.*
Greenland Journey. Ed. by WEGENER. *Blackie.* 12*s.* 6*d.*
A Winter with Finnish Lapps. By NORAH GOURLIE. *Blackie.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

These five books reflect several attitudes towards the Arctic, the most significant of which, in its bearing upon the future, is suggested by Dr. Taracouzie's statement: "The conquest of the Arctic in the Soviet Union has become a matter of routine." Isolated expeditions have given place to a planned attempt to exploit the economic resources of the Arctic regions within the Soviet sector: and to open these to air and sea transport. There is still room for individual heroism, as the story of the "Cheluiskin" tragically illustrates; but the individual exploits are now part of a determined and consistent attempt to incorporate the far northern territories within the economic and political life of the rest of the Soviet Union. From the many statistics in this book, it is only necessary to emphasise that the Arctic lands controlled by the U.S.S.R.—the area beyond latitude 62°N—comprising about a third of the territory of the Soviet Union, could almost absorb the whole of the United States of America. This large area, in which, in addition to the fishing industry, there is gold, iron, coal and oil, is being methodically and persistently developed by the Soviet Union: which suggests that

APPOINTMENTS VACANT & WANTED

UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD.

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COUNTY BOROUGH OF SUNDERLAND.

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The Council invite applications for the appointment of Director of the Public Libraries, Museum and Art Gallery at a salary at the rate of £700 per annum, advancing by annual increments of £25 to a maximum of £750 per annum, such salary to be inclusive of payment for Sunday supervision, and subject to the usual deductions under the Local Government Superannuation Act, 1937. The Person appointed will be required to pass a medical examination and to devote the whole of his time to the duties of the position, and the appointment will be determinable by three months' notice on either side.

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Applications, accompanied by copies of not more than three recent testimonials, must be addressed to the undersigned, endorsed on cover "Director, Public Libraries, Museum and Art Gallery," and delivered not later than first post on Wednesday, the 12th July next.

Canvassing, directly or indirectly, until after the first selection of candidates, will be a disqualification.

G. S. McINTIRE,
Town Clerk.

Town Hall,
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A considerable part of this important and impartial book is devoted to problems arising from the obscurity of the Soviet sector theory, by which Russia claims all lands discovered, or yet to be discovered, within a sector drawn from the North Pole to Murmansk on the one side and the Bering Strait on the other. The author's contention that this theory will lead to international complications is well supported by the facts: but international law is dynamic: and the layman can scarcely be disturbed about the precise nationality of a piece of ice which detaches itself from *terra firma* and floats from one country's sector to another.

For the interested layman, Mr. Colin Bertram's *Arctic and Antarctic* is a minor classic. Devoted to the technique of polar travel, this book is almost indispensable for a full appreciation of other books on polar exploration. It contains much interesting material on questions of diet, transport, housing and other matters, but it is never merely factual. The author's own vision of the polar landscape pervades every detail. His attitude towards that landscape well exemplifies the contrast between the methodology of Soviet and British polar exploration. Mr. Bertram writes: "It is a hunger that is not satisfied, a longing to go back to north or south, to live again to the full in a place unspoilt, to see men more nearly at their best, away from the greed and cruelty of warring nations, the lust for money and the lying tongues." For us the Arctic is still part of another world, a place for heroes to starve in. In comparison with the Russian attempt to incorporate the Arctic in Russia, this attitude seems a little out of date.

Tracks in the Snow is an exciting narrative, well and modestly told, and can certainly be recommended, not merely because it is an exciting story of exploration, but because it gives a vivid picture of the life of the native Greenlanders—a surprising number of whom seem to be able to trace their origins back to the Peary expedition to the North Pole. Mr. Haig-Thomas discovered a new island, the precise situation or use of which I was unable to discover. Beyond which *Tracks in the Snow* contains some of the finest photographs of the Arctic ever published in a book about the far North.

The Wegener expedition to Greenland in 1930-31 and the establishment of the Eismitte ice-cave make a story of heroic failure. In *Greenland Journey*, edited by Alfred Wegener's wife and written by several members of the expedition, an official and vivid account of this classic of exploration is pieced together. Wegener's plans were unfulfilled and he perished on a journey from Eismitte over the ice-cap to the coast. A great deal of scientific work, particularly in connection with the supposed anti-cyclonic system over Central Greenland, was carried out; but this book is mainly a record of one of the most exciting and tragic Arctic expeditions of modern times.

After this remarkably fine bunch of books on the world above latitude 62 N, *A Winter with Finnish Lapps* is, by contrast, an average and ordinary travel book. That, however, is not the complete story. There is a wealth of interesting detail with regard to the Lapps in this book; their customs and culture are interestingly pictured, and the author's enthusiasm for the landscape and the people is infectious. H. B. MALLALIEU

Sassetta. By JOHN POPE-HENNESSY. *Chatto and Windus.* 25*s.*

Mr. Pope-Hennessy has followed up his learned study of Giovanni di Paolo with a companion volume on another fifteenth-century Sienese painter, Sassetta. A monograph on this painter was much needed, since nothing has recently appeared which substantially modifies the reconstruction of him by Langton Douglas and Berenson in the early years of this century. "Throughout the period of composition," says Mr. Pope-Hennessy in his preface, "I have kept the simplicity of his (Dr. Richard Offner's) own printed work constantly before my mind." If for "simplicity" the word "complexity" is substituted, his remark is not far off the truth. He has learnt from Dr. Offner to state categorically all theories as though they were incontrovertible, and to state them so obscurely that they can barely be understood by those familiar with current art jargon. In writing a thesis, you enlighten your readers, not deliberately confuse them. You do not invent two new painters and call one "Master 185" and the other "Master 158" (see pp. 177–179), and you do all in your power to avoid citing Hungarian publications in the original Hungarian. (See p. 203.) Yet if the form of this book is unappetising, its content, as far as it goes, is admirable. There are few statements in it which are in danger of being contested except by those whose own writings on Sassetta are mercilessly attacked. He establishes a completely new chronology on the grounds that Sassetta developed a taste for Gothic forms and a tendency away from naturalism after and not before the hieratic severity of the Chiusdino altarpiece. This entails placing the Asciano Nativity and the St. Anthony series in the middle 'thirties and further complicating the problem of his artistic origins. His reconstruction of the altarpiece from Borgo as well as his attributions to various members of Sasetta's entourage are original and of the greatest value to the study of Italian art.

Early Stages. By JOHN GIELGUD. *Macmillan.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

One of our most intelligent actors, Mr. Gielgud could certainly write an interesting book, discussing Shakespeare, Chehov, verse-speaking, décor, etc., from the point of view of a player and producer. He has preferred to give us a pleasant gossipy book of memoirs, with charming glimpses of his Terry relations, and a few tantalising sidelights upon the methods of such producers as Komisarjevsky and St. Denis. He is remarkably candid about his own shortcomings, and never betrays the conceit that we have come to expect from Stars. The book is written in a lively and unaffected style, and should give pleasure to many theatre-goers. But Mr. Gielgud is one of the few actors from whom we could expect a discussion of the theatre as serious as the writings of authors, painters and musicians about their respective arts. May we hope that he will attempt this?

Constitutionalism and the Changing World. By C. H. MCILWAIN. *Cambridge University Press.* 15*s.*

This is an important and interesting contribution to the study of history by the Professor of the Science of Government at Harvard University. It contains a series of papers on constitutional history, and as in the immediate future we are likely to hear a great deal about the common democratic traditions of the English and American peoples, a study like this has especial significance. Particularly is this the case in the paper on "The Transfer of the Charter to New England," in which Professor McIlwain shows how large a part the Company of the Massachusetts Bay played in transmitting some of the political and constitutional ideas of the English to the New World. In an introductory chapter Professor McIlwain writes of the historian's part in a changing world. He very properly stresses the folly (perhaps more often seen on his side of the Atlantic than on ours) of only reading history for its lessons; "It is these lessons of history we want" as a tedious professor once said. More reasonable and more dignified was the verdict of Ranke. "We investigate the past not to deduct practical political lessons, but to find out what really happened." Professor McIlwain has little difficulty in showing how completely this advice was ignored by enthusiastic English historians of the nineteenth century and what peculiar results sprang from that neglect. Perhaps the most fantastic of these was the elevation of that rather selfish warrior Simon de Montfort into a democratic hero. Professor McIlwain concludes by saying that the historian's task is to leave the deductions to his reader and to "tell his medicine" as an observer rather than as a physician.

The Immortal Tooth. By EDWARD SAMSON. *John Lane.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

The picturesque sub-title of Mr. Samson's book runs to seventeen lines and contains almost two hundred words. Unfortunately, it is symptomatic of the voluminous, facetious manner in which he writes. But anyone who can survive Mr. Samson's button-holing will find that this book is a treasury of curious information and facts, apart from the solar theories which Mr. Samson defends with more zeal than discretion. Certainly, he restores to the tooth its primitive mystery and its mythological majesty. Once more the tooth is guarded by Samas against the onslaught of Tiâmat, the great worm. The tooth is the most ephemeral part of the body since it decays so easily or falls out. At the same time it is the most permanent, especially when it leaves the mouth. It has survived æons, and given scientists their facts regarding Aurignacian man. Language itself would have been confined to clicks, clacks and "phonetic noise" had the canines not been reduced in size when man abandoned the unpleasant habit of tearing his prey with great fangs, and fashioned hunting weapons. The paradox of the tooth as a permanent, yet impermanent substance gave it importance and a ritualistic part in primitive cult and early religion. The crude necklace of teeth, the elaborate dental inlays of gold or obsidian favoured by Inca princesses, the famous Javanese tooth are all religious in origin. And, following the solar myth, can St. Apollonia, the patron saint of dentists, be a belated memory of Apollo, the healer? From east to west, north to south, as Mr. Samson points out, the tooth has inspired charm and verse, spell and ritual unequalled by any other organ of the body. Milk teeth have their own compact round of rustic lore and medicinal charms.

The horrible sensations of toothache, which afflicted the Babylonians and Egyptians as much as the people of Merrie England, precipitated a practical interest in teeth and gave rise to an almost mad variety of immediate folk remedies. Most of us, even in our own childhood, can remember some of the simple superstitious cures which have lingered on. Some of the ancient remedies, such as the application of a mangled mouse, were sufficiently unpleasant to act on the nerves. The lungs of mice pounded with the livers of lizards must have been as difficult to make up as the customary ingredients of magic cauldrons. Sparrows' dung warmed in oil, spiders mixed with egg shells and oil, the hanging of a mangey toad on one leg in the chimney were perhaps not so far-fetched. Mr. Samson deals also with the Freudian aspect of teeth and their part in literature, witness Poe's story of Berenice. In his last statistical chapters he gives us an appalling survey of the havoc wrought by caries and dental decay in modern civilisation. He is prepared to

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TO LET FURNISHED. Finely situated Country House, 8 miles Worthing. Every modern convenience. 5 acres woodland, 10 rooms, garage. Each floor self contained, suitable two friendly families sharing. July-August. Highover, Storrington, Sussex. Tel.: 256.

WORTH MATRAVERS, Dorset. Comfortably furnished Bungalow to let, July-August, suitable 2 or 3. Apply, NUTTING, 202 Barcombe Avenue, S.W.2.

EIGHT days' riding tour, Berkshire Downs, New Forest and South Downs. Conducted and arranged by Lord Lisle. £11 inclusive. Starting July 10th. Also 10-day tours, Ireland, Aug. 8th and 21st. £15 inclusive. Write: 14 Clevedon Place, S.W.1, or 'phone SLO. 3187.

PARENT'S HOLIDAYS. While you are away your children would be happy in a country house which, during the school holidays, is entirely given up to the well-being and happiness of children (over 9 years). Apply Box 5448.

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THAXTED, Essex. The Priory, XVII century guest house. Comfortable, modernised (central heating, electricity, telephone). Great historic interest. 2½ *guineas* weekly.

FARMER'S daughter offers accommodation in own home; farm produce, good food, every comfort. Near town, sea and golf. 2½ *gns.* inclusive. MANUELL, Deloraine, River Walk, St. Austell, Cornwall.

GEORGIAN Farmhouse offers ideal holiday in unspoilt country 13 miles Eastbourne. 300 acres, rough shooting, golf, tennis, riding. 3½ *gns.* BATTEN, Cralle Place, Vines Cross, Sussex. Tel.: Horeham Rd. 2.

CORNWALL. Glorious west coast between St. Ives and Land's End. Comfortably furnished cottages right on the cliffs to let for any period—holidays or residence. Grand spot, sandy bathing coves, delightful moorland country. Village near. Book now for summer holidays. Terms and photos. Sevier, Pendeen, Cornwall.

FITTLEWORTH, Sussex. Fortrie Guest House. Real Country. Comfort, good beds and cooking. Breakfast in bed if desired. 'Phone: 61.

Holiday Suggestions Continued on Page 1014

prove that the dictators of Europe are suffering from the result of dental sepsis and argues, more persuasively than convincingly, that the conditions of their earlier life were not conducive to tooth scrubbing or correct diet.

Life is Good. By EDITH PICTON-TURBERVILL. *Muller.* 12s. 6d.

Miss Picton-Turbervill has found it so. One of a huge family numbering incidentally three pairs of twins, she had a nomadic and varied childhood, not blessed with riches. When she was about twenty-one her father inherited Ewenny Priory in Glamorgan and life became easy. A journey to Florida at the age of twenty-three crystallised for her a vague feeling of dissatisfaction with her life, and replaced it by spiritual revelation. She writes simply and modestly of this turning-point in her life, which manifested itself unaggressively in a passion for the Bible and the desire to do good, especially to women and to the very poor. From that moment her life went straight forward—work for the Y.W.C.A. in England, mission work in India, work during the war for women in England which led to a tour in America, and finally, two years as a Labour Member of Parliament, which came to the end in 1931 when she opposed the National Government. A consistent and valuable life, told with a pleasing but humourless geniality.

BOOKS TO COME

Jawaharlal Nehru's *Glimpses of World History*, published this week by Lindsay Drummond, appeared in India in 1934 but is now issued in this country for the first time. An entirely new single-volume edition, revised by the author, it contains an additional chapter on world events up to the end of last year and is illustrated with fifty maps by J. F. Horrabin. The book was written during Nehru's imprisonment in the cause of Indian freedom between October, 1930, and August, 1933, and assembled during his subsequent period of freedom. It takes the attractive form of a series of intimate letters to his young daughter whom he wished to teach and to console in his absence.

An informal and personal book on Central Europe, *The Mirrors of Versailles*, by Elisabeth Kyle, comes from Constable on July 6th. Miss Kyle paid a round of visits to friends on the Hungarian-Czech frontier, the Transylvanian areas of Rumania and Rumania proper, "Turkish" Bosnia, Sudetenland and Bohemia, returning by way of Latvia. She formed her impressions from conversations with such people as Germanic Transylvanian bourgeois, Sudeten factory girls, Hungarian aristocrats, Latvian peasants and Russian gipsies, and has tried to give an account of what the ordinary men and women she met think about their neighbours and the international situation.

Dent is publishing on July 6th a translation of *Dix Ans Sous Terre*, by Norbert Casteret, which was crowned by the French Academy in 1933. M. Casteret is the intrepid explorer of the underground caverns, glaciers and rivers of his native Pyrenees. He made his name in 1923 by his discovery, on a dangerous swim through a totally submerged tunnel, of the oldest sculpture known to man—the prehistoric statuary in the cavern of Montespan. Since then, he has explored the underground waters of the Pyrenees, established the source of the river Garonne and discovered the Gouffre Martel, the deepest cavern in France. His book is both an adventure story of a most unusual kind and a mine of fascinating information.

A new Study Atlas to be published as a joint enterprise by Longmans and Collins some time in July will present geography in an interesting and original way. A careful selection has been made of significant points. There are double-page maps to clarify relationships, insets to show relative distances from Great Britain and twenty-six photographs to complete the stories left unfinished by maps and diagrams. To avoid confusion, the black lines between the layers of colour have been omitted and rivers have been printed blue to distinguish them from the railways.

A gilded, late-Victorian childhood is recalled in Lady Sybil Lubbock's *The Child in the Crystal*, coming from Cape on July 7th. The author, before her marriage, was Sybil Cuffe, daughter of the Earl of Desart: brought up in great houses; staying now with the Lascelles at Harewood, now with some dazzling member of the "Souls": being presented, coming out, travelling, writing and slumming with all the moral versatility of the Victorian aristocrat.

Country Life are publishing in July a comprehensive survey of *England's Water Problem*, carried out, with the assistance of Medical Officers of Health, engineers, farmers and country workers, by H. Spence-Sales and John Bland. The authors deal with drought and rainfall, water consumption, rural supplies, storage problems, town and country planning, etc., in a work admirably illustrated with pleasing and instructive photographs. Country Life will also publish in July *Painting in England from Hogarth to Whistler*, by Mary Chamot, which will be a companion volume to this author's *Modern Painting in England*. Her study includes biographies of the artists as well as descriptions of their pictures, and is illustrated with twelve colour and sixty black-and-white plates.

John Pinney was that Presbyterian preacher whom Thomas Fuller found in his pulpit when he returned to his vicarage at Broadwindsor after the Restoration and of whom, after hearing him preach, he said that he would never deprive so excellent a man. The first instalment of John the Preacher's letters will be published by the Oxford University Press on July 6th. They constitute at once the self-portrait of an original man, a lively picture of contemporary provincial life and a valuable source of English history. Later instalments will show Pinney's son in the Monmouth rebellion and other members of the family in the West Indies.

MARIE SCOTT-JAMES

Week-end Competitions

No. 486

Set by Raymond Mortimer

The usual prizes of Two Guineas and Half a Guinea are offered for answers (in not more than 250 words) to the following questions: What man, or woman, in the past would you most like to have been, and why?

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, June 30th.

2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.

3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.

4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 484

Set by V. S. Pritchett

The usual prizes of Two Guineas and Half a Guinea are offered for an extract of not more than 300 words from Baedeker's Guide to the West End of London in 1950.

Report on Competition 484

Entrants in this competition easily divided into optimists and pessimists; the realists were almost unrepresented. I mean that, while everyone imagined a London drastically changed by a catastrophic world war, everyone assumed that it would afterwards continue to be a great and occupied city. My own picture of London is of a perhaps grass-grown, but half-deserted place—who would be fool enough among the survivors to go back to it? I may be wrong; people return to Vesuvius and Etna. But I see a place of indescribable seediness or a return to those days when the cows grazed in Trafalgar Square and the side streets of the Strand were sewage streams. Degeneration is my note. Not so with competitors. War might lead—as many thought—to the Germanification of London, but it was to be reborn either a troglodyte marvel or a skyscraping monstrosity. War was to improve London. Psychologically, the general conclusion is very interesting and very sinister. Are we Fascists without knowing it?

There was one irresponsible entrant. He had a good idea, but it was poorly executed and the higher marks go to those who followed that peculiar sub-prose of Baedeker, the most idiosyncratic product of a nation of rubber necks. The irresponsible one is Johnny Dog, who foresaw an A. P. Herbert London with the British Betting Corporation in Langham Place; and

"Round the circus can be seen the great new retail stores: Auden and Isherwood (Nothing over Sixpence);

MacNeice (antiques) and B. Nichols (gentlemen's outfitters)."

Sawdust Asgold predicted fun also: "Water shoots into Trafalgar Pool from all adjoining buildings and parachute descents from the Nelson Column." And Mario Francelli scores the best joke of the competition, and quite the best Albert Memorial joke I know:

". . . the Albert Memorial, perhaps one of the most simple and moving examples of late Victorian work. The clock was not added until 1947."

The Wellsians had a good time with the shape of things to come. Miss Dorothea Rock in a good paper had the right detail—detail is the essence of the Baedeker technique—in such touches as ". . . for visit to War Museum (1s.) Nudists by side door only," and "Luncheon in Balloonists Reserve, Haymarket. (Motion slight in fine weather, no tips)." And Zoe Proctor, foreseeing a London like a slice of the Maginot Line, noted the names of well-known R.A.'s in the splashes of camouflage; and a horrible new Ye Olde Fashion; "Refreshments at Ye Olde Raised Submarine." A powerful group saw us in German hands. Gray offered us the Changing of the Black Guards at the Leader's Palace; and this school produced one of Allan Laing's most finished efforts and a pair of neat parentheses in the vintage style. "Piccadilly Police Station (well spoken of)" and "statues of Lords Perth, Birmingham

and Halifax (jokes forbidden)." The prizes go to this unpatriotic school; the first to Charles Pugmire and the second to Allan Laing.

FIRST PRIZE

[Extract from Baedeker's Guide to the WEST END, 1950.]

The overwhelming success of our gallant airmen during the brief emergency preceding the Anschluss in 1946 made possible the almost complete rebuilding of the Westend and gave the fullest scope for the expression of the Fuhrer's architectural genius. Dominating the Westend is now the imposing " Adolf Hitlerplatz " in which the statue of the jewish Sea-Admiral Nelsohn has been replaced by a 12-metre equestrian bronze of the Fuhrer which is worthy of its exalted subject. To the south, in what was formerly Whitehalle, the headquarters of Internazionaljüderei, stands the magnificent Braunhaus (frontage 390 m.). Facing, in the new " Unter den Eichen " Autobahn (68 m.) is a statue of Odin (7 m.). The Nazional Kathedral (officiating High-priest, Herr Cardinal Buchmann) stands a few hundred m. to the w. Therein are buried the nation's illustrious dead, z.b., Konrad Henlein, Ritter v. Mosley, Josef Goebbels, Franz v. Papen. Opposite, on the " Thamesterraz," the former Parliamenthäuser (burnt down by the Communists in 1944) are being replaced by an elegant building in the neo-nordic style from the drawingboard of the Fuhrer, in which will be housed the Hauptquartieren of the Gestapo. Steps will be taken to associate with this masterpiece the name of that true and understanding Aryan, Newille Houston Chamberlain, who last year in the Himmler Krankenhaus by Twickenheim so regrettably died. As the Nazional-bildgalerie near the Wagner Opernhaus in Hindenburgstrasse, formerly the hub and centre of degenerate jewish art, escaped our civilising missiles, the use of the building is being temporarily permitted, until the Fuhrer shall find the time its more worthy successor to create. The original so called artworks having been liquidated, the selection of works where-with the Galerie again-to-stock was most competently undertaken by a Committee consisting of Herr Artdirektor Göring, Herr Markg.af v. Londonderrei and Fräulein Leni Riefenstahl . . .

CHARLES PUGMIRE

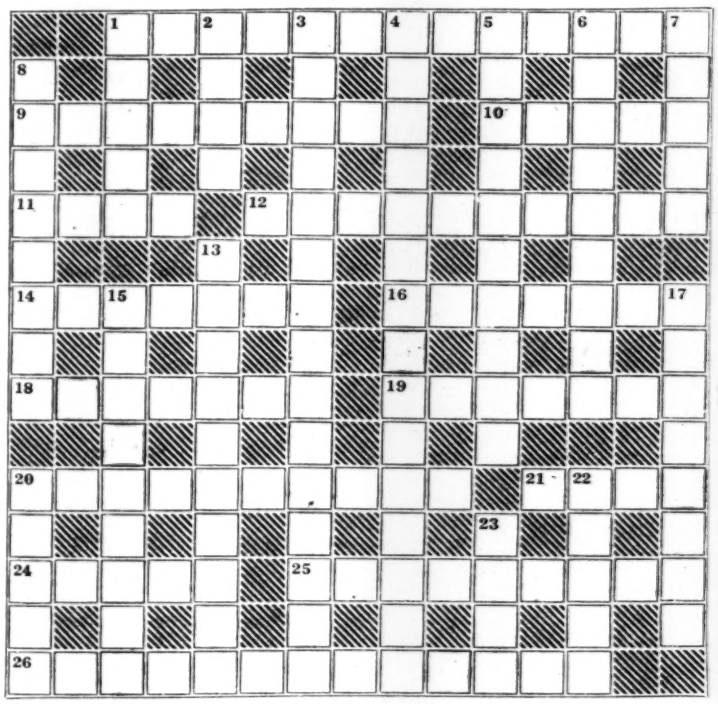
SECOND PRIZE

PLACES OF RECREATION. *Westminster Waxworks.* 1m. from Goebbels Memorial, along the Hitlerweg. Adm. 1m. 25pf. Open Wednesdays and Saturdays. No permit necessary to Aryans of unblemished descent (including English natives). Autogiro landing-ground in Adolf Hitler Platz behind main buildings. This historic building, miraculously preserved from the effects of the Reich bombardment in August, 1940, was once the home of the British Parliament; and in a sense it is so still, for by the *** Leader's orders, the historic scene in the ** House of Commons, when the British Empire was handed over to the Reich, was recreated in wax. Some 500 Members of Parliament, " in their habits as they lived " (Shakespeare) are shown seated on the green benches, while the *** Leader, accompanied by faithful Storm Troopers, is in the act of throwing down the Mace and replacing it with an umbrella, symbol of Britain's defeat. So well has the waxwork been done that at first sight one feels that the seated M.P.s are as much alive as their genuine prototypes (now, of course, in concentration camps) . . . The chamber which once housed the British Peers is now devoted to a museum of relics of so-called democracy, among which may be noted Lord Mayors' chains of office, policemen's batons, and specimen pages (under glass) from such notoriously reactionary journals as the defunct " New Statesman " and " Daily Mail."

ALLAN M. LAING

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 485

Books to the value of Five Shillings may be chosen by the sender of the first correct solution opened. Post solutions to arrive not later than first delivery Wednesday following the date of issue, addressed to " CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1.



Set by L.-S.

The last week's winner is

C. R. Smith, Ardfardach, Bridge of Allan, Stirlingshire.

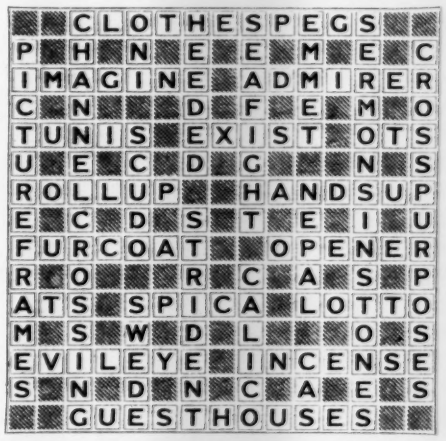
ACROSS

1. Does it melt the ice? (13)
9. Business man who has got himself on top of a mountain range. (9)
10. Bearded not like the pard. (5)
11. It's 22 Nova Scotia this month. (4)
12. A face prepared for the razor? (10)
14. Ornament that suggests a throaty disposition. (7)
16. You will see Mark has altered. (7)
18. Painter's pet mare. (7)
19. He's up to his tricks, with spines no doubt. (7)
20. These creatures would presumably not be found on cultivated land. (10)
21. At 51 father is still a friend to me. (4)
24. The sort of Christian aunt turns me into. (5)
25. He got slim cheerfully. (9)
26 Common precursor of tea cakes. (13)

DOWN

1. Country product of flogging. (5)
2. The Rotary Club's entertainment? (4)
3. Cheerful colours for national singers. (15)
4. Describes the cox in, say, one of the University crews. (15)
5. Usual result of going off the rails. (10)
6. Unsuitable adjective for old-fashioned open fireplace. (9)
7. A transcribed dirge. (5)
8. Revolutionary paper that paid. (8)
13. Flying version of chemist's jar of copper sulphate. (10)
15. Book that is often intended to be " messed " up. (9)
17. Figuratively suggestive of an ice hockey match. (8)
20 (rev). Henry VIII's promontory. (5)
22. Concerning a boxing contest. (5)
23. A neat mount. (4)

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD



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John Cowper Powys, Esq. Dr. Dorothy Shepherd, M.B., Ch.B. Edin.
Rev. R. G. F. Waddington, M.A. Dr. E. J. Christian Otves, M.D. Vienna.
Dr. Bertrand P. Allinson, M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P. Dr. W. H. White, M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P.
Chairman: H. G. Chancellor, Esq.

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THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By DIVES

STOCK EXCHANGE "BEARS"—OIL SHARES AND SHELL—VIEWS OF A.P.D.—EQUITY RISKS

IT has been a somewhat foolish week on the Stock Exchange. Early on Monday there was "bear" selling but by mid-day Paris came in unexpectedly as a buyer and put the "bears" to rout. So panicky was the rush to close short commitments that the gilt-edged market enjoyed quite a good recovery in prices. The same folly was seen not only in the industrial share market but also in the American. Why the "bears" should have behaved in such a panicky manner it is hard to say, for the political news was bad and on the home front Mr. Chamberlain exploded the bomb of the Armament Profit Duty (A.P.D.). The rise in prices brought about by "bear" closing did not therefore last and some weakness was shown in certain aircraft and armament shares. Oil shares, with the exception of Mexican Eagle, were not particularly helped by Lord Bearsted's remarks at the general meeting of Shell Transport and Trading. According to the Shell chairman the oil outlook in the United States could not be described as encouraging, for although gasoline consumption increased by 5 per cent. in the first four months of the year industrial activity showed no signs of recovery, and the oil producers had not yet succeeded in finding an economic way of balancing supply and demand. This, however, is nothing new for the American oil industry, and as the producers in Texas are showing enough sense to restrict their production by shutting down wells two days in the week there is some hope that the producers in California and in Illinois, where an important new field has been developed, will not allow their production excess to become unwieldy. Lord Bearsted was hopeful that the Mexican problem would eventually be solved on a mutually satisfactory basis. The Mexican Government could not have derived much benefit by exporting less than half its normal crude oil production on a barter basis, and the oil employees have undoubtedly suffered a loss in wages. However, I shall believe in a Mexican oil settlement when I see it. In the meantime, I would not sell Shell Transport at $4\frac{3}{16}$. With the wide geographical distribution of the Royal Dutch-Shell group behind them these shares are a good war hedge and if the dividend is maintained at 20 per cent. tax free, the yield obtainable is the attractive one of £6 11*s.* 9*d.* per cent. gross.

* * *

The new A.P.D. is, of course, a tax which will please no one. Indeed, from a business point of view it is absurd and inequitable. The only fair way to deal with the armaments industry is to nationalise it, and the only fair way to deal with a rearmament boom is to tax the increment of profits of every firm in the country. If the arms industry is not nationalised, if we have to look to the Vickers and the Cammell Lairds to turn out suddenly the instruments of war required for our protection in an emergency, then we should insist on these nationally important industries becoming financially strong and thoroughly up-to-date in their equipment—which means that we must subsidise them in peace-time slumps or allow them to grow fat in war-time booms, provided most of the profit is ploughed back in the business. It is becoming increasingly clear that industry will not function efficiently on half Socialist and half private-capital lines. If we have completely socialised industries in certain fields, as we should in the utility, transport and coal industries, we should allow private capital to earn a profit sufficient to tempt the *entrepreneur* in fields not suitable for the national funds. This profit should certainly be higher than the 8 per cent. for companies and 10 per cent. for firms allowed as "standard" on capital in the new A.P.D. proposals. No *entrepreneur*, of course, would dream of starting a new business if his chances were limited to a profit of 8 per cent. or 10 per cent. Apart from these profit ratios the standard profits under A.P.D. are to be those of either of the calendar years 1935 and 1936, or those of the average of either 1935 or 1936 and 1937. The new duty of 60 per cent. on future armament profits in excess of those of the standard years will fall most heavily on companies which have been restored to prosperity entirely by Government orders, such as Thornycroft or Fairfield Engineering, and on certain of the aircraft companies. The following tables give a record of the rise in earnings since 1935 of companies receiving important armament orders, and the yields on the equity shares of these companies at current market prices:

£000's omitted.

	Year ends	Gross Profits† 1935	1936	1937	1938
AIRCRAFT					
Bristol Aeroplane 10/- ..	Dec. 31st	363	464	778	—
Fairey Aviation 10/- ..	Sept. 30th	50	66	248	395
Hawker Siddeley Aircraft 5/-	July 31st	—	497	774	814
ARMAMENTS					
Cammell Laird 5/-.. ..	Dec. 31st	111	171	249	378
Thornycroft £1	July 31st	Dr.89	54	123	174
Vickers 10/-	Dec. 31st	1,356	1,606	2,008	1,962

† After depreciation but before tax, N.D.C. and Deb. loan interest.

	Present Price	Dividend %	Gross Div. Yield %
Bristol Aeroplane 10/- ..	20/-	10 (Est.)	£5 0 0
Fairey Aviation 10/- ..	21/-	15 net	9 17 0
Hawker Siddeley 5/- ..	17/7½	42½	12 1 0
Cammell Laird 5/-.. ..	7/3	10	6 18 0
Thornycroft £1	37/6	8	4 5 3
Vickers 10/-	18/7½	10	5 7 3

* * *

The A.P.D. proposal makes me all the more inclined to prefer the equity shares of companies trading in consumption goods, which escape the tax, to those of industrial companies. The other week I was arguing that this was not the sort of boom to bring great benefit to any equity share. In spite of the increase in gross earnings which the rearmament boom must bring to the majority of trades, it must not be forgotten that costs and wages are rising, that taxation is increasing and that the cost of air raid protection for workers invariably falls on the equity shareholders. It is therefore very doubtful whether the increase in net profits will be sufficient to enable the directors to declare larger dividends for their shareholders, particularly if reserves have to be strengthened to meet the slump which will follow the rearmament boom. The risk premium which the investor should demand from the equity share should be at least 2 per cent. making, with the rate of interest, a yield of $5\frac{5}{8}$ per cent. as the standard dividend test for a stable dividend share, even of the consumption goods class. In the heavy industrial or armament classes a much higher risk premium will now be required—say 5 per cent., making with the rate of interest, $8\frac{5}{8}$ per cent. as the required dividend yield. Investors would do well to re-examine their lists from this conservative point of view.

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Company Meeting

ALBERT E. REED & COMPANY LIMITED

CHAIRMAN'S SPEECH AT ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

FRIDAY, 16th JUNE, 1939

THE Thirty-sixth Ordinary General Meeting of Albert E. Reed & Co., Ltd., Paper Manufacturers, was held on Friday, June 16th, at Southern House, Cannon Street, E.C.

In moving the adoption of the Report and Accounts for the year ended March 31st, 1939, the Chairman, Mr. A. Ralph Reed, after referring to certain items in the Balance Sheet and the reduction in the Trading Profit, as compared with the previous year, continued :—

When I addressed you last year I gave three principal reasons for expecting less favourable results during the year now under review. Firstly, the further increase in the cost of our raw materials, secondly, the fact that the increase in the price of Newsprint which constitutes such a large part of our production was not sufficient to cover the higher costs of manufacture and, thirdly, the reductions in the prices of Wrapping Papers, of which we are the largest manufacturers in this country owing to severe competition from abroad. All these factors have contributed towards the reduction in profits, and, in fact, the third factor became intensified during the course of the year.

In addition we have had to face sundry increases in the cost of production in various directions including certain items of a special nature such as an extension of the provisions of holidays with pay for our employees and allowances to members of the Territorial force on leave for training periods, and other expenditure connected with National Defence.

Further, I need not remind you that during the past year we have experienced a prolonged state of tension in International affairs, which resulted in a pronounced restriction in trade and the general demand for paper. It is true that our total production and deliveries exceeded those of the previous year and were, in fact, the largest yet recorded, but it must be remembered that we started up a large extension of our plant in the early part of the year under review and under happier circumstances our production would have been considerably greater.

The general tendency among buyers of paper during this period, both in this country and elsewhere, has been to reduce commitments to a minimum and the resulting comparative scarcity of orders has intensified competition all round, especially from foreign suppliers whose other export markets have been even more severely affected.

Taking all these things into consideration, I feel that much as we regret the setback in profits after a number of years of progressive increase, we may regard the results of the past year as being reasonably satisfactory under the circumstances.

Unlike some other industries the Papermaking Industry is not directly involved to any substantial extent in the demands of National Defence, but this Company and its Subsidiaries are enjoying a good share of orders for such of our products as are required for this purpose. While you will be glad to know as tax payers that the prices for these supplies are very closely scrutinised and the profit involved is on a moderate scale, we appreciate the opportunity of participating in the supply of the Country's needs in this direction.

Since the close of our financial year there have been signs of increasing confidence and activity in our markets, and unless this is interrupted we may look forward to a better demand for the products of our industry in the current year.

In times like these any positive forecast of the future would be rash indeed, and I can only say that in the absence of any deterioration in International relationship or any other adverse circumstances which we cannot at the present foresee we may hope to recover, to some extent at least, the standard of results which this Company has established over so many years.

We know there will be difficulties to face, certainly some that we are familiar with and possibly others that are new to us, but we may claim that we have the organisation and equipment, to say nothing of the goodwill of so many important customers, to make the most of our opportunities and stand up to adverse conditions of all reasonable kinds.

At no time in the history of the Company have we been so well equipped to meet the future as we are to-day, either in the high rate of production and efficiency of our plant, the wide range of our products, or the relation of output capacity to Issued Capital.

During the last seven years we have expended, in extending and modernising our Mills and the Works of our Subsidiary Companies, an amount approximately equal to the whole of our present Issued Capital in Shares and Debentures, in addition to our normal substantial provision for Wear and Tear year by year. There is no doubt that an actual valuation of our Mill properties would far exceed the figure standing in our Balance Sheet to-day. We are fully satisfied that all this money has been well spent and that the results of the past year's working would have been much more adversely affected without the benefits of these developments, including the important extension at our Aylesford Mills, which was started up just over a year ago and is running to our complete satisfaction.

Under reasonably normal conditions in our Industry, therefore, we may look forward to the ultimate future with every confidence.

Meanwhile I feel sure you will regard our proposals for dealing with the amount available for distribution, as contained in the report, as representing the proper course to pursue in view of the results for the year and the uncertainty of the general outlook in the World to-day.

In conclusion I have to express the Director's sincere appreciation, which I hope you will share, of the loyal and efficient service rendered by our numerous Staff in all Departments of the firm.

I will now move that the Report and Accounts as presented to you be adopted and that a Final Dividend of 3½ per cent. on the Ordinary Shares be declared, making 5 per cent. for the year.

Mr. E. Percy Reed seconded the motion, which was carried unanimously.

Company Meeting

TELEPHONE RENTALS LIMITED

RECORD ANNUAL RENTAL

THE Tenth Annual General Meeting of Telephone Rentals, Ltd., was held on June 19th, at Southern House, London, E.C.

Mr. Fred T. Jackson (Chairman and Managing Director) said that once more they were in a position to report that all their subsidiaries, with one exception, had traded at a profit. In spite of the fact that industries generally, apart from firms engaged on rearmament work, had not had as satisfactory a year in 1938 as in 1937, their operating companies had obtained results which could be regarded as most satisfactory in the circumstances. At previous meetings he had laid stress on the importance of putting forward extra selling effort in bad times, and he believed they had achieved a certain amount of success in this direction, as their annual rental had reached a new high record. Trade generally was on the down-grade when they held their last annual meeting. It was now definitely on the up-grade once more, and the result achieved was better than he anticipated a year ago.

As far as the prospects of their English subsidiaries were concerned, for the year 1939, they were able to give a favourable report on the basis of the business done during the first five months of the year, and there was no reason to anticipate, as far as one could foresee, that there would be any falling off in earning for the current year.

Their Australian Associated Co. earned a substantial profit for the year ended December 31st, 1938, but it was still following a conservative policy in the distribution of profits earned. As far as one could judge from the first five months of 1939 in Australia, they were well on the way to another successful year there.

At previous meetings he had stressed the importance of shareholders who were interested in various businesses availing themselves of the various telephone and other services offered by the company. The board had been gratified by the response which had been made to this appeal, but they thought shareholders could do more towards promoting the further growth of the business.

STRONG RESERVES

With regard to the accounts, there was a substantial increase in the dividends received from subsidiary and associated companies, amounting to over £12,000, and a small increase on dividends on investments. The net profit to be carried to the appropriation account amounted to £121,561, as compared with £110,492, being an increase of £11,069. An interim dividend of 4 per cent. had already been paid, and the directors now recommended a final dividend of 6 per cent., leaving £44,675 to be carried forward as compared with £42,583 brought in. The general reserve now stood at the satisfactory figure of £170,000, which included the transfer of £30,000 from the profit and loss appropriation account. The total reserve accounts now amounted to £248,164.

In conclusion the chairman paid a tribute to all those employed in the Telephone Rentals organisation for their loyal co-operation during the year under review.

The report and accounts were unanimously adopted.

Insurance & Financial Number — JULY 15th

New Statesman and Nation
10 Great Turnstile, Holborn, W.C.1

HOLIDAY SUGGESTIONS
—continued from page 1009

BENBECULA, DITCHLING, SUSSEX. Small Guest House. Delightful position facing Downs. H. & C. in all rooms. Moderate terms. Telephone: Hassocks 146.

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DEVON AND CORNWALL. Ideal Holiday Centres. Free illustrated brochure No. 25. SEASIDE AND COUNTRY GUEST HOUSES, LTD., Dawlish.

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TORQUAY, SEASCAPE HOTEL. Beautifully situated; central position. Established 20 years. Southern aspect with full view of Torbay. Our reputation for good English fare has always been a noted feature. Individual diets studied. Hot and cold water. Radiators, gas or electric fires; central heating throughout. Lounges sunny and well heated. Comfortable beds. Hard tennis courts, croquet, miniature golf course, games' room. Garage, private park and gardens. Summer terms from 3 *gns.* Resident Director: MRS. HARRISON.

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SOUTH OF FRANCE. Join small group going to Cassis-sur-Mer., unspoilt fishing village. Bathing, basking, open-air cafés. Fortnight beginning Aug. £15. Box 5370.

YOUTH HOUSE INTERNATIONAL SUMMER CAMP, 22nd July-12th August. Freneuse, Normandy, France, 32s. per week. Co-operative holiday community. Vegetarian, River swimming, Rambles, Camp fires. Camp Secretary, Youth House, 250 Camden Road, London, N.W.1. GUL. 5189.

BELGIUM in 8 days by motor, including visit to Liege Water Exhibition, the greatest spectacle on the Continent in 1939. Leave London August 5th. Inc. price £7 12s. 6d. Details from Prospect Tours, Ltd., 115 Shaftesbury Ave., W.C.2.

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SPECIALIST SUMMER TOURS TO U.S.S.R. for Lawyers, Educationists, Students, Doctors, Schoolboys and Girls; also a "Popular Art" party. Dates and prices from: SOCIETY FOR CULTURAL RELATIONS, 98 Gower Street, London, W.C.1. (EUSton 2315.)

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Rates and all information on page 1005

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LECTURES AND MEETINGS

THE ETHICAL CHURCH, Queensway, Bayswater, W.2. Sunday, June 25th, at 11 a.m., DR. STANTON COIT: "WHAT JESUS MEANT WHEN HE SAID, 'MY KINGDOM IS NOT OF *this* WORLD.'" 7 p.m., H. J. BLACKHAM: "THE LEADER PRINCIPLE."

HAMPSTEAD Labour Party. Midsummer Garden Party, June 24th, 67 Eton Avenue, N.W.3, 3.30 to 11.30 p.m. Sideshows, games, dancing, films. Admission, 6*d*. Proceeds to Thaelmann Battalion.

SOUTH PLACE ETHICAL SOCIETY, Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, Holborn. Sunday, June 25th, at 11 a.m., Moritz J. Bonn, D.Sc.: "Space for Living." Admission free. Visitors welcome.

LECTURES on Yoga and Mysticism at 30 Lansdowne Crescent, W.11 (Bus 52 to Ladbroke Gardens), Wednesdays, 6.15, Fridays, 8.15, by H. P. SHASTRI, author of "Spiritual Awakening of Man," "Path to God-Realisation," "Meditation," etc. Full list obtainable at the above address.

CONFERENCE

29TH NATIONAL PEACE CONGRESS.
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Particulars from: The National Peace Council, 39 Victoria Street, London, S.W.1.

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SOCIETY FOR CULTURAL RELATIONS WITH THE U.S.S.R.
WEEK-END SCHOOL
Digswell Park, Welwyn, June 24th and 25th. D. N. Pritt, Alan Bush, Andrew Rothstein, New Soviet Films. Swimming. Tennis. 16*s*., 18*s*. and £1. Application to: S.C.R., 98 Gower Street, W.C.1. (EUS. 2315).

THE London Scots' Self-Government Committee Summer School.
On Sunday, July 2nd, at 2.30 p.m.
at River Court, Hammersmith Hall, W.6.
On "Scotland and the Crisis."
Mrs. Agnes Hardie, M.P.
Mr. James Maxton, M.P.
Mrs. Olive Cruchley
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Tickets, 1*s*. 6*d*. (includes tea) from Mrs. Norrie Fraser, 76 Old Church Street, S.W.3.

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Arrangements for entire charge during holidays if desired.

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SCHOLARSHIP

HAYES COURT SCHOOL, HAYES, KENT. Two entrance scholarships for September will be awarded to girls of 11–14. Closing date, June 28th. For particulars apply to the Headmistress, MISS K. A. COX.

FELLOWSHIP

BARNETT FELLOWSHIP

The Barnett Memorial Fund Trustees will make an appointment to the Barnett Fellowship for the year beginning October 1st, 1939. The appointment is open to men and women and the emoluments will be £275 per annum. Candidates must be graduates of a British University, and the successful candidate will be required to carry out social or economic research or teaching in connection with a British or North American University, and to familiarise himself, by residence in a University Settlement or otherwise, with the conditions of working-class life. Applications must be made before the 1st September, 1939.

Further particulars may be had from the Honorary Secretary to the Trustees, J. J. MALLON, Toynbee Hall, 28 Commercial Street, London, E.1.

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